THE COMMONWEAL

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WHEN A BOOK IS NOT A BOOK

PUBLIC controversy regarding Modern History, by Professors Hayes and Moon, has not been the least among recent conflagrations. It has, as a matter of fact, raised so much smoke that the various considerations involved are now somewhat hard to disentangle. We believe there are two separate underlying facts. The first is the criticism advanced by the Reverend Lefferd M. A. Haughwout, an Episcopal clergyman, and accepted by Acting Superintendent Harold G. Campbell as sufficient evidence on which to base a veto of the book. The second is the educational philosophy deduced from this action by a group of critics, including the New York Teachers' Union. It seems to us that these two things are separate and that one cannot well be made to clear up the second. No such thing as a "proper attitude toward textbooks" exists, or could exist, in a country where there is no unified cultural outlook. The public-school system has no greater weakness than that disputes of this character are inevitable inside it. If this point has now grown clearer, we may all have profited in spite of ugly animus.

Dr. Haughwout objects to Modern History's declaration that the socialized mind of the middle-ages, during which the Catholic Church governed the destinies of the West, was superior in many ways to the nationalized and individualistic culture of present-day Europe. He does not like what the book has to say regarding the Protestant revolution, especially in its English phases. To him the criticism of modern conceptions of patriotism, as formulated so resolutely by Professor Hayes in particular, is "dangerous." Finally, he is not at all international-minded. It would be useless for us to reply to these assertions by saying to Dr. Haughwout that in some respects he has misunderstood history and that in other respects he has misunderstood Modern History. Even the fact that contemporary critics so different in outlook and so remote from Catholic affiliations as Waldo Frank and T. S. Eliot have accepted the mediaeval-modern antithesis advanced by Messrs. Hayes and Moon would hardly influence him. Nor would it help much to show how carefully the authors have qualified their generalizations, so as to ignore no pertinent event. The issue is simply that Dr. Haughwout feels and thinks otherwise. He is not arguing but expounding his faith.

How comes it then, you will ask, that a protest of this character is accepted at its face value by the New

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York City school board? Why was not the book submitted to a jury of eminent historians, representing all beliefs and persuasions? Or for what reason was the teaching body itself not invited to review the matter? Here we come to point number two. It is very likely that Mr. Campbell got panicky and acted with undue haste. He appears to us to have grown singularly chaotic in explaining his conduct. Beyond asserting that the book would be restored if the passages offensive to Dr. Haughwout were modified, he presented neither argument nor comment of any value. Nevertheless it follows from the events that Mr. Campbell's office is not permitted to believe in academic, scientific or any other kind of freedom. It follows also that the kind of criticism advanced against the Hayes-Moon book is the only kind of criticism which has plenty of elbow room.

One might have supposed that the admission of these limitations would be less direct and immediate. Indeed, Mr. Campbell acquiesced so readily that the idea of submitting Dr Haughwout's complaint to the scrutiny of other historians cannot even have had time to flit through his mind. However all this may be, the fact remains that religion is forced out of the schools by practical circumstances. The charge against Modern History resolves itself into a conviction that the book "made propaganda for the Catholic point of view." Catholics have often been convinced that other textbooks conveyed Protestant attitudes or convictions. Jewish citizens have even been known to protest against the introduction of Christmas material into high-school curricula. This conflict is perennial and understandable. It could be settled only after long debate, if it were true that mankind is really amenable to reason. But there are obvious consequences, to which we draw Dr. Haughwout's attention.

He engineered a ban upon one of the few definitely Christian résumés of general history written for American students by reputable scholars. And even though many such books existed, each might well be objectionable, if written honestly, to some one sect. It follows that the only material wholly acceptable in theory would be material which either completely eliminated the factor of religion or reduced it to paltry dimensions. Here, then, is the obvious foundation for a wholly laicist treatment of the human past—indeed, for a wholly laicist treatment of all knowledge. This foundation has been more and more completely taken for granted during recent years, despite the still prevalent assumption of Protestant groups that the public schools belong to them. Now we hold that such an educational attitude cannot be accepted by any form of Christianity whatsoever, if it wishes to conserve even a vestige of its teaching mission or its respect for truth.

Grant that things have come to such a pass that one clergyman speaking for a part of one religious group (for several other Episcopalian leaders have repudiated Dr. Haughwout's judgment) can prevent public-school children from learning history in a given way, and it follows that Americans are trying to make the public school do something negatively which can only be achieved positively. For how can the truths of the spirit be taught in silence? Vitally necessary, imperatively needed if Christianity is to endure in this country, is some realignment of the educational system which will give free scope to denominational training. Only so can the clash between views be resolved without undermining the truth by which we live. Dr. Haughwout has, at least, furnished more testimony in support of this plain fact.

WEEK BY WEEK

FOR the fourteenth time in the history of the United States and for the first time in thirty-six years, the Senate has refused to give its consent to a nomination to a justiceship in the Supreme Court, that of Judge John J. Parker. In retrospect the situation seems to have been this: national Republican leaders felt that a southern Republican nomination to the court was politically advisable, in order to consolidate Mr. Hoover's southern victory of 1928. Apparently a nominee, suitable judicially as well as politically, was not available. Judge Parker is certainly not of ideal Supreme Court timber. Here was a chance for the liberal senators, many of whom opposed Mr. Hughes's nomination to the Chief Justiceship, to oppose Mr. Hoover's conservatism more successfully by enlisting enough support against a man with none of Mr. Hughes's popular respect and fame. The Senate rejected the nomination. Mr. Hoover had done his best for southern Republicanism, and quite justifiably proceeded to nominate a far less attackable northern candidate—a man of conservative leanings, but of an eminently judicial mind, as was demonstrated by the part he played in bringing to justice the Republican recreants in the recent oil scandals. Thus the Senate has administered its rebuke, Mr. Hoover has made his southern gesture, Mr. Owen J. Roberts of Pennsylvania will undoubtedly be a far worthier successor to Mr. Justice Sanford than Judge Parker could have been. Occasionally everything seems to work for the best, even in politics.

The Fourteenth Rejection

FOR a brief space Carthage has again known its old glory. Up the hill of Byrsa where the crusaders of Saint Louis walked where Saints Augustine and Cyprian preached and the holy martyrs Perpetua and Felicitas, Saturnius, Saturus, Revocatus and Decondulus were buried, streamed thousands of the faithful to the Basilica of the Many Tombs. The occasion was the Thirteenth Eucharistic Congress. Simultaneously Mass and adoration of the Blessed Sacrament were being celebrated in the cathedral at Tunis, in the churches of the vicinity and

Thirteenth Eucharistic Congress

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aboard the ships which had brought pilgrims from all over the world. In the words of Tertullian the assemblage could say: "We have been here only a day, yet we fill the camps, the ranks, the palaces, the senate, the forum." But those who came to pay homage to the King of Kings, unlike Tertullian, did not lack temples even if the Holy Sacrifice must be offered beneath the palms which now wave above the excavated ruins of Carthage. The gathering took on new poignancy from the fact that it was linked with a glorious and hallowed history. Other Eucharistic Congresses may be noted for their tremendous attendance; the Congress of Carthage will be famed for that happy quality of the Church which turns to the past to illuminate the present.

PROHIBITION continues to hold public attention more continuously than any other question. There have been a few more "incidents." We have been assured by one of its chief executives that the Anti-saloon League is of divine origin; the Methodist Church has very properly rebuked Bishop Cannon for his political activities; and the Supreme Court has ruled that the sale of containers designed for illegal beverages constitutes a violation of the law. The enforcement agencies are reported to be attempting to form this decision into grist for their mill, and they are said to believe that it will drive the home-brew supply houses out of business. But common sense makes it obvious that intent for his wares to be containers of alcoholic beverages would be very difficult to prove against a bottle merchant or cooper. After all bottles and barrels still have a variety of legal uses. The decision is another step along the road recommended by many opponents of prohibition—namely, the tightening up of enforcement so much as to make the repeal of the amendment inevitable because of outraged public opinion.

Bottles and Kegs

FOR several years Spain has been politically the simmering kettle of Europe. Every few months she threatens to boil over, but succeeds only in spilling a few drops, which go up in a momentary sizzling and much steam. She has just been through such a crisis. This time again it has been the University students who have been the centre of trouble. But this time two persons were actually killed and a number injured, a far bloodier performance than usual. Spanish politics are perfectly unpredictable, and yet they are relatively simple, because they are almost completely divorced from the life of the people. Monarchism, republicanism, and all other public questions are and have long been subservient to the private ambitions and interests of a small class of politicians, who are perhaps no worse than their fellows in other countries. The present government set itself the task of restoring the normal functioning of party government after a tedious dictatorship which had destroyed party organizations. Gradually the old parties are lining up again. Conservatives, Liberals, Socialists, Republicans, and all the rest. When finally the question of political power comes to a showdown, we shall know who has been cleverest. Meanwhile that old Liberal warhorse and exgrain merchant, the Count of Romanones, is keeping amazingly quiet.

Spain Bubbles Over Again

SPEAKING before the International Congress on Mental Hygiene, Mr. Sanford Bates, superintendent of federal prisons, traced the prison rebellions of the last year to society's growing stringency in regard to the criminal. The same thing was said, in effect, by Mr. Wickersham, the chairman of President Hoover's law enforcement commission, in the course of his address to the American Law Institute. It is also the chief burden of a paper in the current Atlantic Monthly, The Revolt of the Convicts, by Mr. George W. Alger, a member of Governor Roosevelt's new parole commission and one of the state's authorities on prison conditions. Mr. Bates and Mr. Alger agree that the present rigors—the lengthened sentences, the increasingly severe definitions of felony—are reactions from a more liberal period which produced the juvenile court, the parole and the indeterminate sentence. As the consciousness of these and kindred reforms spread through society, an opposing conviction took shape to the effect that, in Mr. Alger's words, "the program of modern penology is a mysterious formula for mollycoddling malefactors." The result has been to stress more and more in practice the prison's function of detaining and punishing, and less and less its function of rehabilitating—a result which both these experts regard as unnecessarily stupid and altogether tragic.

As to Prisons

THEIR statements have a practical bearing on the near future. New York's $38,000,000 prison appropriation, the federal $10,000,000 prison-building plan, make it necessary to decide whether the state and the nation are going on as at present, or are ready to try actively liberal policies once more. Our feeling is that they are ready enough. One cause of the reactionary spirit noted has been those excesses and absurdities of extreme humanitarian theory which active and absorbed workers like Mr. Alger and Mr. Bates do not always see. Modern society is neither apathetic nor brutal. It *is* hard to mobilize for a vast public reform, and that has been, and is, a chief difficulty. Concrete recommendations, concrete information of the kind which these authorities have mastered, will dispel it. As to the first, they are at one in wishing to see the power of the parole system increased and its method developed, to save both men and money to society; and Mr. Bates, we judge, might be speaking for both of the ideal prison of the future: "It will not be an asylum or place of amusement or a dungeon. It

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will be clean and teach cleanliness. It will be busy and teach industry. It will be stern and teach discipline." As to the second, we suggest that those really in search of concrete information, even those who think they already have a good deal of it, read Mr. Alger's article. They will learn that Auburn was built in 1816, when Madison was President, that Sing Sing dates from 1825 and Dannemora from 1840; that their dimly lighted cell blocks still have the ventilation and sanitation that prevailed 114 years ago; that of even these cramped and reeking cells there were too few by 1,000 for New York's prison population last year; that segregation is impossible, and hence that each prison is nothing more than a "boarding house for crooks"; and that the need for "adequate machinery, wisely selected industries and half-way intelligent management" is so dire that, even allowing for the peculiar problems of prison labor, "the results obtained compared with what might reasonably be expected are almost incredibly bad."

Pilgrims to Oberammergau

DECADE after decade, the fame of Oberammergau renews itself. Though not everyone has come away from the little Bavarian hamlet pleased either with the production or his own experience, the play remains overwhelmingly popular in the best sense. The reason is surely that the village has maintained intact the spirit needed for enacting a drama of so august a character. Habits of frugality, prayer and mutual forbearance are cultivated in the interest of the sacred spectacle which, every ten years, focuses the world's attention upon a little group of peasant folk who would otherwise be obscure among the obscure. This season more people than ever will come to see the play, because the amphitheatre has been enlarged and the number of accomodations increased. What is virtually a new production (since the more important rôles have been assigned to actors not prominent in 1922) will afford those who have already been at Oberammergau opportunities for comparison. The work of Alois Lang as Christus has attracted enthusiastic attention, all the more noteworthy because of the effectiveness with which Anton Lang impersonated the Saviour. But it is, after all, the village, the community which comes to life on this stage; and Oberammergau remains one of the spiritual and inspirational marvels of our time.

Courtesy in the House

IT IS an amusing lesson in manners which Mr. Longworth has just read Mr. Curtis. A few weeks ago, Senator Fess accused Senator Norris, who was criticizing Mr. Longworth, of being out of order, according to the Jefferson manual of amenities. The Vice-President thereupon ruled that, manual or no manual, there was plenty of precedent for a senator's criticizing a House member, and that Senator Norris might proceed. Occasion lately permitting, Mr. Longworth has countered with a 1,200-word manifesto to the effect that, Senate or no Senate, the House is committed to a courtesy and decorum that will forever (or during his Speakership, anyway) keep it from verbal rudeness toward any senator. In view of the large numbers who have commented with pleasure on this magnanimous rebuke—everyone seems to enjoy it, in fact, except Mr. Curtis—surprisingly few take its magnanimity at its face value. Some consider it Mr. Longworth's latest blow in the Curtis-Gann-Longworth row over social precedence; others feel that its implied comment on Mr. Curtis eases Mr. Longworth's alleged disappointment at not being the boss of the Senate himself. For ourselves, we are willing to believe that the Speaker is really devoted to the precedents of comity which it took him eight typewritten pages to cite. Only it seems a little hard that if some representative should think of a counter-epithet to the immortal "sons of wild jackasses" of Senator Moses (who happens to be a close associate of Mr. Longworth) he must wait to get elected to the Senate before he can spring it.

Art Forgeries

THE recent discovery in Paris that a grandson of Jean Charles Millet, aided by a painter named Paul Cazeau, have been for years doing an extensive business in forged paintings, has again called attention to the old question of the worth of genuineness in artistic works. These two swindlers were so clever that they even succeeded in selling some of their forgeries to the Millet Museum at Barbizon. Apparently their copies and forgeries were indistinguishable from originals; it was a mere accident which betrayed them. This is certainly not the first instance of perfect forgery. Many art forgeries and antique factories have been exposed; many more accredited works of masters, or supposedly ancient pieces of furniture and decorative art, are certainly of dubious vintage. One hears of an ancient German cabinet maker, resident of a large American city, whose chief joy in life is the periodic inspection of allegedly colonial furniture, exhibited in the local museum, which he made with his own hands in his own workshop. A reflective person cannot help wondering why, if such perfect copies can be made, they are not wholly as valuable in every sense as originals. Logically they are, psychologically they are not. There seems to be an insistent and mysterious demand in the human soul for genuineness in its relics of great men. For works of art are aesthetic relics just as fully as pieces of period furniture are social relics, or objects associated with holy men, religious relics. There is a deep, indeed a mystical, satisfaction in the inspection of some object which an admired, sometimes merely a dead, person or persons inspected and, presumably, valued. We revolt at forgeries. Artistic forgeries we will not pay for; historic forgeries we laugh at; religious forgeries revolt us. John Heywood, a writer

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whose loyalty to Catholicism no sane person could question, held up for scorn the Pardoner with his jawbone of an ass with which Cain slew Abel and his box of bees which stung the first woman as she left the Garden of Eden.

King George Places a Bet

KING GEORGE V recently celebrated the twentieth anniversary of his accession to the British throne amid what were unquestionably the sincere expressions of joy and congratulation of substantially the whole British population. Recent English sovereigns have all been liked by their people; King George is no exception to the rule. Upon this last occasion for a manifestation of popular regard, the London press unanimously congratulated the King upon that punctilious observance of his position as a constitutional monarch which he has always manifested. Perhaps the most important part of this essentially modern conception of a king's duty is the expression, in his public actions, of the characteristics most typical of his people. This applies equally well to an American President, who is expected to start the World's Series, to go fishing or hunting, to do a thousand other things for which he may have no personal inclination but which endear him to the people. Often in these semiofficial symbolical gestures one can recognize essential differences in national temperament. With incredibly subtle appropriateness, King George celebrated his anniversary by going to the races and by betting a one pound note on a horse. The English have always been lovers of the race-track, and the vast majority of the population has at one time or another indulged in the thrill of moderate betting. We in America do not bet in the same spirit. Our gamblers are numerically few and are heavy bettors. Officially we disapprove of gambling. It is amusing to consider what an outcry there would be if it were publicly announced that President Hoover had even moderately backed a horse in the Kentucky Derby! Yet in England everyone admires the King for laying a small wager. Perhaps it would be possible to interpret much of the modern history of England in terms of a spirit of moderate betting.

Reactionary Youth

MR. CHESTERTON'S comment on the revolt against modernity, in the New York Times Magazine, is not the first to be made, but it is the freshest and most telling. Of the reaction among the younger leaders toward "Victorian etiquette, distance and decency" he says: "It is not what I expected. It is not even particularly what I wanted. But anything is a relief from the desolate dulness of the Bright Young Thing." What Mr. Chesterton wanted was that "the ordinary, old-fashioned, obstinate people" should "rise and bash in the heads of the inhuman prigs whose ideal is a sort of prophetic infanticide"; also, that "a howling rabble of really respectable people" should "burn down the houses where the luxury takes its true Latin sense of luxuria"; in a word, that the Intellectuals should "be slaughtered by what may be called the Morals." What he got was Mr. Eliot, Mr. Huxley and the Sitwells. With them he is fain to be content. He notes that Mr. Huxley's sharpness is of the kind that may cut itself; that Mr. Eliot's reaction from "progress" is so extreme that "he has come to have something like a suspicion of every sort of freedom"; that the Sitwells's move toward Victorian standards is artistic as much as human. But half a loaf is better than a loaf half-baked—which latter might very well serve as Mr. Chesterton's synonym for modernism; and he philosophically reminds himself that "God does not disdain the strangest or the humblest instruments; and we must not be ashamed of finding ourselves, if necessary, on the side of the cultivated and the clever."

GANDHI'S INDIA

THE British have bundled Gandhi off to jail. Soldiers have brushed with angry crowds in various cities, and the soldier has once more returned to his traditional post in the empire. These events are not to the government's taste. It would have liked to present an offer of increased autonomy before trouble and bloodshed had angered hundreds of thousands. But the current of dissatisfaction had lashed against the foundations of trade. Matters had come to such a pass that authority, if it would conserve its prestige, could hardly bend back further. In fairness to both sides, it will not do to resolve the situation into a few easy contrasts. This is not a mere question of Indian independence against British oppression, or of Gandhi's idealism versus progressive western materialism, or of slovenly "Mother India" as opposed to sanitation and feather-beds. The picture is more colorful than this. An oriental world which stretches from Ceylon to the Himalayas is a mystery not so much because it is different from the West as because it does not understand itself.

What is India? If one may credit the reports of observers, a continent reposing upon deeply rooted cultural antagonisms. It is a cradle of religions, but the creeds which have been nursed in it have no power of compatibility. Aside from Christianity, Hinduism and Mohammedanism, there are hundreds of varieties of appalling superstitions and tribal faiths. The major languages are decidedly not dialects (as is so commonly asserted) but radically separate tongues which reveal no signs of merging. Caste feeling sets up insurmountable barriers. Finally, the British have created in all the larger cities little oases of urban prosperity with which the native quarters contrast strangely. To think of this conglomeration of peoples and tongues, of classes and creeds, as merging in any real unity is like imagining that the Tower of Babel might have decided to learn Esperanto.

Such recognition of common bonds as exists has been

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created by the presence of the British. A hundred years of imperialism has taught the Indian that he is, at least, different from the invader. So many factors contribute to making this plain! Even the services rendered to the Orient by Europe—law and medicine, pastoral charity and business development—all serve to reveal, with unconscious irony, essential differences impossible to eradicate. This revelation has inevitable consequences which imperialistic endeavor must accept. On behalf of the British it may be said that they would probably be glad to give India a "dominion status" with as much self-government as Canada now enjoys—if such a thing were possible. It simply is not. And here Gandhi himself would seem to be the most pertinent illustration.

Gandhi's principles, which he and his followers believe will restore India to its ancient glory, are not of this earth. His famous community of Sabarmati, as described by those who have seen it, is only a kind of Brook Farm or Ruskinian guild. To set about weaving cloth by hand would, if widely followed, lead only to the certain discovery that cloth can be woven more easily and cheaply with machines. So far as one is able to judge, his ideas on the subject of government are inchoate and contradictory. But Gandhi is really a man actuated by a passion for sanctity. He seeks to refashion Indian humanity and so—quite in accordance with Our Lord's maxim that he who has first sought the kingdom of God will eventually find the other things also—to prepare the way for a solution of social difficulties. Nevertheless the refashioning will not be done in a day. And precisely it is absolutely necessary before there can be any progress in Bombay and Karachi.

India's problem is essentially not one of overpopulation but of industrial mismanagement. For reasons some of which are religious, agriculture is simply a matter of scratching a soil left barren by centuries of incompetent farming. There are more cattle in the country than in any other similar area in the world. And yet this vast assemblage of beasts costs—not produces—more than a pound sterling a year, according to the Royal Commission of Agriculture in India. The cow is sacred: but its milk is thin, its pedigree unfathomably bad, its serviceableness as a beast of burden next to nil. When Gandhi ordered the death of a suffering animal, he was branded a heretic by thousands of outraged Hindus! This same respect is extended to the field mice and the jackals, so that the major portion of the wheat harvests goes to the animal kingdom. Such expedients as rotation of crops are likewise unknown in great sections of the country. The description of rural misery given us particularly by well-informed French observers are harrowing —poverty, dirt, disease, children dying in childbirth, a race of men few of whom live longer than forty years.

A population of 320,000,000 people with such a background will hardly be made to exist on weaving cloth by hand. It cannot be borne in mind too frequently that industry in India is largely controlled by natives and that, therefore, a general accusation of British exploitation is unfair. Doubtless the representatives of His Majesty's government are not innocent, and some of them have indubitably been scoundrels. But (for we shall disregard all the unfortunate limitations imposed by the caste system and the money lenders) it is impossible to create a flourishing industrial civilization in a country not only predominantly rural but predominantly starved on bad farms. The worker toils for very little in a factory because the wages he would earn in the rice fields would be still lower. It is upon this hinge that the whole social problem of India seems to turn; and the country's wealth in gold avails it little because that gold cannot be turned into productive machinery. For all practical purposes, it is almost as useless as the ornaments on the temples of Delhi.

Accordingly the development of Christianity in India would, from a purely natural point of view, be a very real advantage. But though many missionaries are hopeful and though Saint Ephrem predicted that "the light would some time break over dark India," it is difficult to feel that the hour of great progress has as yet struck. The obstacles are not merely the climate, the popular traditions or the curious perversions of fakirism which have settled everywhere like sand upon Buddhistic or Brahministic tenets. Europe itself, which preaches Christianity, talks to India in many tongues. Indian intellectuals absorb from the western world discredited ideas of mechanistic evolution and the revolutionary fantasies of Marx. The Indian people, reared in a philosophy of abnegation, now sit night after night under the spell of movie films which exude affection for luxury and indulgence. Bolshevism has sent (and paid) its agents. Even in this old and meditative country, therefore, the specific conflicts of modern culture have been added to those disruptive contrasts which are native to the land.

Under such conditions, anything like prophecy is manifestly ridiculous. It is obvious that British authority has been challenged in an entirely different spirit from that which governed earlier forms of opposition. There is no longer any hope of bringing Indian aspirations into line with British plans, unless some masterful statesman can effect far-reaching modifications of both. Nevertheless one cannot say that such antagonism bodes any good to mankind. The romantically minded surveyors of the Orient offer a picture of a self-governing India which has no little sentimental appeal, but which remains as unadorned by political or economic facts as an Iowa cornfield is with diamonds. It should not be forgotten that the effort of Europe to conserve and apply that "reason" which alone guarantees social justice and well-being was very long and arduous. This hard work cannot be dispensed with in India through appeals to propaganda. Who shall say that the mission of the British in the East has ended?

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THE THIRD PARTY

By OLIVER McKEE, JR.

Half a dozen years ago, LaFollette waved the flag of a new party. It glittered bravely in the face of a Coolidge landslide. Has the time come for a resumption of this insurgent activity? Though disclaiming the rôle of prophet, Mr. McKee summarizes information tending to show that it may soon be "easier than ever to muster recruits for a third party." Sectionalism is obviously not on the wane. The projected tariff legislation is sure to dissatisfy large groups of voters who may prefer to break away from the existing partizan machines. And so, who knows?—The Editors.

THIRD-PARTY movements recur in cycles to upset the equilibrium of the two-party system in American politics. At intervals of twelve or sixteen years or so, as we turn back the pages of American history, an insurgent party arises to challenge the supremacy of the two major parties that between them dominate the political scene. The Bull Moose movement in 1912 split the Republican party wide open, and the split gave Woodrow Wilson the key to the White House with a minority of the popular vote cast, the first Democrat to win the Presidency since Grover Cleveland. Twelve years later, 1924, Robert LaFollette, the elder, led an insurgent movement, which if it had won a following of the same relative magnitude as that which followed Roosevelt out of the Republican camp, might have given the Democrats control of the machinery of the federal government with an actual minority of the popular votes cast. Further back, the Granger, Populist, Greenback and other third parties have threatened periodically to upset the balance between the two major political parties. The more evenly divided the two big parties are in voting strength, the greater the potential power in an insurgent movement.

Are we at the threshold of the recurrence of another third-party cycle? Signs are not altogether wanting that might seem to warrant the belief. The very size of the Hoover landslide in 1928 carried with it an element of possible weakness. For the party that wins a landslide victory is apt to find that a certain process of disintegration begins on the morrow of its triumph at the polls. Party enthusiasm, loyalty and discipline do not have the same keen edge with a popular majority of 6,000,000, as they do when the margin of victory is but a small one.

The Republican administration has been under fire ever since the stock-market crash last fall. Senator Wagner of New York, Senator David I. Walsh of Massachusetts, and others have scored it for its alleged inaction on unemployment. An insurgent movement is invariably a movement of protest, and though, when they wish to register a protest, the discontented and disgruntled in one party may always join the opposition, sometimes the discontented elements prefer to wash their hands of both the major parties, and to band together in the great adventure of a third party, with no traditions to handicap it, and no bad debts or unfulfilled campaign pledges to worry it. Economic discontent and agrarian complaints have furnished the motive power for many of the insurgent movements of the past, and these factors exist today. Of no great intrinsic importance in themselves, the Communist unemployment demonstrations outside the White House, and in many American cities, are straws, nevertheless, showing the direction in which the wind is now blowing.

It was the Payne-Aldrich tariff act that was one of the factors in bringing the administration of William Howard Taft on the rocks. Tariff revision—or its failure—is sure to have some political results, but just what they will be cannot well be forecast at this writing. Mr. Hoover, the engineer, does not face here an engineering problem, but a problem in practical politics. To place a tariff law on the statute books requires bargaining, trading and manipulation, activities which delight the heart of the professional politician. Foes of the administration in the Senate have been quick to see the political possibilities of the present tariff, and the coalition of southern Democrats and western Republicans have promptly seized the opportunity to raise the cry that the industrial East seeks favors at the expense of the agricultural West. Day by day the lobby investigating committee has brought out testimony which tends to discredit the industrialists of the East who have been demanding increased rates. Caraway, Blaine, Walsh of Montana, Borah and Robinson of Indiana have been indefatigable in trailing the industrial lobbyist from the East to his den. Not in years has a lobby investigation created greater popular interest than this. The tariff battle in the Senate and the revelations of the Caraway committee must necessarily tend to widen the breach between the East and the West. The wider the breach, other things being equal, the easier it will be later to launch an insurgent movement in the West.

The coalition crew in control of the machinery of the Senate not only have succeeded in throwing out of gear the legislative plans of the administration, but they have widened still further the gap between eastern and western Republicans. Even if united to a man, the Democrats could not have played the rôle that has been theirs of late. But in alliance with the "wild jackasses" from the West, the minority has been exercising power without responsibility. That the administration does not control the Senate, in spite of the landslide victory of 1928, seems clear enough from the actions of that body during the past twelve months. Are the western members of the coalition aiming to

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lay the foundations for a later insurgency? Many have asked that question in recent months.

Prohibition offers another dividing and discordant element. The wet wave that has engulfed such eastern States as New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, has widened the breach between the Republicans of the East and those who wear the same party label in the West. Here again some profess to see an element which may lead to a later insurgency, the creation perhaps of a dry, agrarian party.

The Republican party today is not without men to whom, as in 1912, an insurgent movement might, under the right conditions, appeal, just as it did to many who joined the Bull Moose hosts in 1912. Take for example Massachusetts, where former Governor Alvan T. Fuller has been keeping the regular Republican politicians on pins and needles. A former Bull Mooser, Fuller acts with perfect independence of the regular party leaders in his state, and now that his hat is in the ring for the senatorship, he may be on the road that will lead him to join that already large independent Republican group in the Senate. Couzens of Michigan is another Republican who travels under his own umbrella pretty much all of the time. La Guardia of New York wears the Republican label in the House, and was the party's candidate for mayor, but no man was ever less fitted for Republican tailoring than he. In Pennsylvania, Gifford Pinchot, the perennial and the irrepressible, gazes a bit longingly at the political arena. And so on down the line. The Republican states have a goodly quota of off-horses.

Notwithstanding our greater ease of communication, and a multiplication of business and travel contacts, sectionalism seems to show no signs of disappearing from our political life. The old feud between North and South, it is true, has lost most of its ancient force, as the South, like New England, has become industrialized. But the increase in the number of investors and the democratization of the investment structure have caused no lessening of the western suspicion against Wall Street, and the "predatory interests" of the East. Prohibition is but one of several issues of the hour which reveal a clash between town and country, between the urban East and the rural West.

Of course an insurgent movement needs a great and burning issue, and it is precisely this that seems lacking. There is neither a great popular interest in, nor a demand for, a revision of the tariff, notwithstanding the millions of words on the subject that have appeared in the Congressional Record during the past year. Certainly the tariff controversy lacks the dramatic qualities needed to lead the average voter to a new crusade. By the same token, the passage of the Federal Farm Board Act has taken most of the wind from the sails of the agrarian agitators. Nor are our foreign relations just now apt to produce an issue that will stir the masses.

Prohibition might be an issue upon which an insurgent party could make a bid for popular support, were both parties to take the same side. If dissatisfied with the dryness of most Republican candidates for Congress Republican wets have heretofore been able to register their protest, in many instances, by voting for wet Democrats, as they have done in considerable numbers in Massachusetts. In 1928, wet Republicans could vote for Alfred E. Smith, as a means of voicing their dissatisfaction with the Eighteenth Amendment. If antiprohibition sentiment increases markedly in strength through the country, the Democrats are reasonably certain to renominate a wet as their standard bearer in 1932. Prohibition might provide the motive power to a third party in either of two contingencies. If both parties became wet, the drys might rally to form a third to defend the sanctity of the existing order. Or again if both Democrats and Republicans became bone dry, the wets throughout the country might create a party pledged to the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment or the modification of the Volstead Act. Either contingency, just now, appears very remote.

Not only is an issue lacking, but no leader is in sight. What leadership means in order to give a third party a real chance to bid for power was clearly shown in the insurgent movement headed by Roosevelt in 1912. It was the personality and popularity of Roosevelt, no less than the appeal of the so-called progressive principles to which the Bull Moosers pledged themselves, that swept legions of voters from their old political moorings, and gave the progressives 4,123,206 votes as compared with the 3,484,529 votes which Taft received as the candidate of the stand-pat Republicans. When Roosevelt passed from the scene, and urged the Republicans to vote for Charles Evans Hughes in 1916, the former Bull Moosers came back into the Republican fold by the tens of thousands, and progressivism, as a party, had passed into history. It was the personality of LaFollette and his leadership that gave to the insurgent movement of 1924 most of its vitality. Where were the progressives in 1928 who four years previous had followed LaFollette into the wilderness?

That certain Republican members of the so-called Senate coalition are flirting with the possibilities of a third-party movement is pretty well understood in Washington. They know that since third parties have come out of the West before, another may be born there in the future. Leadership speculation centers mainly around the name of Borah of Idaho, though there are others who figure in the speculation, such as Norris of Nebraska, Wheeler of Montana, young Bob LaFollette of Wisconsin. Though nominally a Republican, Borah rarely plays ball with the Republican administration; there are few men on either side of the chamber who go their own way more completely. As things now stand, Borah is probably not anxious to head a third-party movement. Yet his stand on public affairs has put him in a position where, if the lightning

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does strike, he might be the logical man to attempt what neither Roosevelt nor LaFollette could do, to enter the White House as the candidate of a third party.

The coalition between southern Democrats and western Republicans in the Senate is the most stubborn fact in the present-day composition of that body. The southern Democrats are willing, and no doubt for more than one reason, to travel in the company of the insurgents from the West. It cannot have escaped the attention of Democratic strategists that if the history of the past quarter of a century proves anything, it proves that the Democrats cannot capture the machinery of the national government unless there is a split in the Republican party. The tides of public opinion shift quickly but even at that, barring something altogether unexpected, there is no strong likelihood that by 1932 the Democrats can bridge the gap of 6,000,000 popular votes, or the equally wide gap in electoral votes, that separated Herbert C. Hoover from Alfred Emmanuel Smith in November, 1928. By entering into partnership with the wild jackasses that so aroused the ire of the pugnacious George Moses of New Hampshire, the Democrats give that group corresponding encouragement in what may prove to be the spade work for a later insurgent movement. A victory of a third party in those states where its greatest strength may logically be expected, states normally Republican, would, of course, put the Democratic party within striking distance of a capture of the national administration.

The 1912 campaign broke the life-long voting habits of millions, and in 1928, in the bitterness and heat of the struggle over prohibition and religion, thousands of others broke the habits of ages, and forsook the political ways of their fathers. Party allegiance has not the binding force that it had, and it may be easier than ever before to muster recruits for a third party. The congressional elections this fall may tell us much, revealing in particular how strong an issue prohibition really is, and revealing, too, how serious a recession the Republican party has suffered. If the cycle of insurgency is again to recur, the West would once more seem to be its logical home, and as the gulf between the East and the West widens, we may expect sectionalism to be its greatest appeal.

HOW BRITAIN TRADES

By H. SOMERVILLE

THE trade policy of a political unit comprising one-quarter of the land and people of the globe must mean something to the prosperity, and perhaps to the peace, of the rest of the world. The British empire, however, means less than it might because its unity is of the most nebulous kind. There is nothing common to the whole except allegiance to the king, and the king governs nowhere. The dominions have absolutely complete fiscal autonomy and they build steep tariff walls against the mother country, though the walls may be a row of bricks lower than those against foreign goods. "Imperial preference" as practised by Canada is more a concession to the dominion consumers than to the British manufacturers. Australia's preference to Britain has been largely dictated by Australia's constant need of borrowing in the London money market; South Africa, under a Dutch majority, has recently been raising Germany to the same preference basis as Britain. India is not self-governing in all things but the regulation of tariffs is a sphere in which native Indian influence is allowed to be supreme.

Though the British empire is in no sense a fiscal unit, the empire does provide Britain with valuable markets. Empire countries—including the Irish Free State—took 49 percent of all the manufactured goods exported by Great Britain and northern Ireland during the two years 1929 and 1928. Doubtless Britain would retain much of her trade with these countries if there were no imperial relationship but, on the other hand, it is quite certain that this relationship does secure for Britain a favored position.

Britain was losing her supremacy in world trade before the great war, but her relative decline in that period was attributable to what may be called natural causes. It was impossible to expect that she would always retain the long lead she established after her defeat of France in the Napoleonic wars. The unification of Germany and the development of the United States meant the end, not of Britain's prosperity, but of her old predominance.

Since the war, Britain's relative decline has been more rapid. The reasons given in explanation are disputable and we may confine ourselves to the statement of fact. Britain's share of world exports fell from 13.9 percent in 1918 to 11.4 percent in 1927. Later figures would not tell a better tale. The loss of export trade is the reason for Britain's unemployment problem which receives constant advertisement abroad because of the dole granted to the victims.

The United States has taken much of the trade Britain has lost in South America, the far East, and in Europe. Even in the empire countries American progress has been faster than British. Though the chief competitor, the United States is not the only one; other European countries have been gaining on Britain while the advance of Japanese cotton in the Chinese and Indian markets has been phenomenal. Indeed the incredible has happened, and Japanese cotton cloths are now sold retail in Lancashire!

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The solutions put forward for Britain's trade problem may be put under four heads. One is "rationalization," a word covering a multiplicity of schemes; another is lower wages and the jettisoning of social services alleged to be burdensome to industry; a third is tariff protection or "safeguarding," and a fourth is "empire development." These four policies are not mutually exclusive.

All parties, capital and labor, protectionists and free traders, are agreed in professing support for empire development. There is no questioning that Britain's best prospects of improved markets are in the countries where the British flag flies. This is not only because of political preferences but because the empire includes young and growing territories, like Canada. The vision of the empire as an "economic unit" is alluring to British eyes and it acquires a new meaning today when the United States exists as a mighty area with internal free trade and there is talk of a pan-European economic system. Great Britain, it is said, cannot join with the United States and she cannot throw in her lot with a European combination; her destiny must lie with the development of her empire as a vast unit with unequaled resources in raw material and potential markets.

The most challenging policy is put forward under the name of Empire Free Trade by Lord Beaverbrook. Born in Canada, where he made a fortune by promoting a cement trust, this gentleman came while still a young man to England where he multiplied his millions and made himself a newspaper power second only to Lord Rothermere, the brother and successor of the late Lord Northcliffe. With his newspapers, his money and his ability, Beaverbrook can force his policy on the attention of the country. In its original and simpler form Empire Free Trade meant no tariff walls between empire countries, and a ring of tariffs around the empire against all outside. Beaverbrook soon found that the dominions, his native Canada among them, were not in the least likely to allow their industries to be swamped by the competition of British manufactures, as they undoubtedly would be swamped if they were deprived of their tariff dykes. So Lord Beaverbrook made one concession after another till he admitted that the dominions must protect, even against the mother country, all the industries they desired to protect. His proposals no longer merited the name of Empire Free Trade but he persists in using a description that he thinks will appeal to the British people. He is now saying very little about the dominions and is concentrating on the non-self-governing empire, excluding India.

The tariffs of the crown colonies can, in theory at least, be dictated by London, and if the colonial markets could be reserved exclusively for British exploitation they would go a long way to solve Britain's trade problem. In practice, however, the non-self-governing colonies are not so amenable to the manipulation of their tariffs by London. The residents of Singapore would protest very loudly if they found that local considerations were not the chief determinants of their tariff. Hongkong imports enormous quantities of foreign goods but Hongkong is not their final destination; it is the entrepôt for their distribution through China. It is fallacious to regard the trade of Hongkong as trade of the British empire and it would be impossible to put a heavy tax on foreign goods entering Hongkong while giving free entry to British. Discrimination would destroy the trade of Hongkong as a port, for it would be an attempt to impose a British tax on the millions of consumers in China.

The latest version of Empire Free Trade is very much like the old colonial system which caused the American colonies to revolt against the British crown. It is questionable whether the world would tolerate Great Britain's domination over so great a part of the earth if it were to be exercised for exclusive trading monopolies. To do the British empire justice, it has generally followed the principle of letting each part be governed primarily with regard to its own local interests and not for the sake of profit to the mother country.

Empire Free Trade, in its original and revised versions, is plainly impracticable. It has not been adopted by any political party or even by any individual politician of the front rank. All its prominence is due to newspaper advocacy. Though it is impracticable as a policy it may make a great appeal as an ideal and influence profoundly the politics and economics of Great Britain

The Conservative party is committed to the policy of imperial preference which only means that the different countries of the empire give each other better tariff treatment than they accord to foreigners. The system has actually been in operation since before the war. Until the war it was one-sided, given only by dominions to Britain. Britain could not reciprocate for the simple reason that Britain had no tariff: her markets were free to all. Since the war Britain has protected a few of her industries and when she has done so she has allowed a preferential rate to empire imports. Automobiles loom largest among the protected industries, and American motor firms have set up branch factories in Canada to supply the British market.

However, the protectionist policy even in the most limited degree, has not been accepted in Britain as an accomplished fact. The small Liberal party finds the defense of free trade to be the principal remaining reason for its existence. The Labor party officially denounces tariffs, though there is a general belief that if it were not for the commanding influence of Mr. Philip Snowden the Labor movement would quickly depart from Cobdenite orthodoxy.

Imperial preference can only make progress in the degree that Britain builds tariffs against foreign goods. The British manufacturers who carry the banner of imperial preference do so only as a cloak for national protection. A wide extension of imperial preference

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necessitates British tariffs against not only foreign goods but foreign foodstuffs and raw materials, because these are the chief commodities the overseas empire countries have to export. Here is the supreme difficulty. How can it benefit an industrialized nation like Britain to raise its costs of living and of production?

Mr. Baldwin, the Conservative leader, has recently put forward a new policy intended to satisfy imperial sentiment and the insular British demand for protection. The British government is to be free to impose tariffs as it thinks fit without taxing food or, presumably, raw materials. Separate industries in the different parts of the empire are to get together and agree on a division of markets. In some lines the dominions will supply their own needs, and in others they will buy from the mother country. For example, the steel firms of Britain and Canada will confer. They might agree that Canada will supply herself with steel bars and get sheeted steel from England. Or certain regions in Canada would be reserved for the home producers while others would be open to the British. Doubtless the Canadian steel firms would be willing to make a present to Britain of the dominion markets now supplied by the United States. This plan is called by Mr. Baldwin "imperial rationalization." When the industrialists have made a bargain to their mutual satisfaction they will call in the governments to render it workable by adjusting the tariffs. In the case imagined Canada would raise her duties on American steel to prohibitive heights and would admit British products free.

Whether British and dominion manufacturers could agree on a division of production and markets, and whether the consuming public would ever permit tariffs to be adjusted at the will of the imperial rationalizers, are questions that the future will answer. Britain feels that her old free-trade system no longer serves her purposes, she must get reserved markets somewhere, and she is not likely to get them except in the empire, but the terms on which she can get them are still matters of doubt and dispute. Empire Free Trade, imperial preference and imperial rationalization are the slogans of rival politicians, but the economist knows them to be the labels of problems still unsolved.

HOLLYWOOD HORIZONS

By MAURICE L. AHERN

TO AFFIRM that America became air-minded and ear-conscious at precisely the same time would scarcely be an exaggeration in the light of recent history. The lone eagle was still flashing through the mid-Atlantic heavens when an amazed audience at the Roxy theatre in New York saw and heard his departure revivified on the sound screen. May 20, 1927, is thus doubly significant for it was on that day that Lindbergh soared from Mitchell field and the march of the microphones began.

Sound lost no time in fortifying its position. Each and every day that the Los Angeles limited pulled wearily into the Hollywood station scores of strange, keen-eyed men debouched upon the platform and, locust fashion, swarmed blithely over everything sacred in filmland. Engineers, statisticians, sound men, architects and technicians of every ilk labored with the speed of thought and the zeal of pioneers. A twenty-acre steel and concrete plant built exclusively for sound pictures arose in ninety days. The old studios were converted as fast as unlimited money and man power could do the trick. Phrases such as "mike fright," "voice test," "sound man," "movietone" and "synchronous" became glibly current throughout the land. In an incredibly short time the stage was set for a new act in the picture play.

Actors popped out of the ground like crocuses in April but they were actors of a breed that had rarely been seen in Hollywood before. Ladies and gentlemen of the legitimate stage, they were the elect of the new medium. The players of the formerly silent screen openly resented the intrusion of the aliens and the issue of the struggle that ensued, brief as it was, forms an interesting interlude in the annals of the world's most popular entertainment.

It is but a little more than two years since the great sound migration westward. The southern California sun continues to beat down as it did then upon the picture city by the Pacific yet how different is the aspect of the multitude scurrying hatless in its warmth. There exists no longer a smug, carefree, strenuously sophisticated movie colony. In its place are two serious groups; one, the invaders from the Broadway stage; the other, a remnant of the once happy horde of picture actors standing now with their backs to the brink of oblivion.

Many of the latter will never again hold the centre of the screen. Some of them were just ascending the hill of fame when the sound wave engulfed them. Others had already passed over the crest. Irrespective of the degree of their past prestige they are melting quietly from the public gaze and hearing largely because they cannot talk suitably. In the past the tricks of kindly cameras could successfully disguise even physical defects but no instrument on earth can change into dulcet tones voices that are as cracked reeds. Milady of nineteen-thirty shadowland must not only be lovely as the dawn but must speak like tinkling bells at sunset or forever hold her peace.

In the older order of things the candidate for screen honors had virtually no chance of success unless he or she had "it." The lack of almost every other desirable

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attribute could be condoned if that one intangible quality were present. In the shadows and subtle silences of the "old-time" movie, "it" needed no voice other than that supplied by the imagination of the flappers and sheiks and their sisters and their cousins and their aunts.

Sound has changed all that. "It" has been supplanted by personality. The fanciful has given way to the real. The public can no longer be fooled and so droves of heavy lovers and impassioned ladies of the premicrophone days are drifting back to the overalls of the filling station and the apron of the cafeteria. They were like strutting peacocks; beautiful to gaze upon, terrible to hear.

Not all the mimes of other cinema days were brainless beauties with unpleasant voices. There is a goodly group upon whom sound has had the same effect as sun and rain on spring flowers. The glorious Garbo seems even more so as one listens to her throaty, accented speech. Lois Moran's personality has become vividly defined and given a vibrant quality through Movietone. Janet Gaynor's voice fully verifies the winsome personality we had always associated with her. Joan Crawford, Edmund Lowe, Nancy Carroll, William Powell, Warner Baxter, Norma Shearer, Clive Brook and Ronald Colman are among those Hollywood fortunates who do not shudder as they face the microphone. Some, relegated almost to the limbo of bit players long before the age of microphone have, through the suitability of their voices, regained the eminence that once was theirs. Betty Compson, Bessie Love, Louise Dresser, Henry B. Walthall, Lila Lee, Irene Rich and Conrad Nagel are now firm believers that it is never too late to have luck.

Notwithstanding these exceptions it is sad but true that silent players by and large, have been most decidedly failures in the new spoken drama of the screen. The high have suffered as sadly as the low in spite of efforts to force them on the public because of a previous box-office value built up over a period of years. But with each syllable they utter a friendly fan is lost to them. Lloyd has added nothing to his fame in his first "talkie." Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge and Douglas Fairbanks have not found dialogue in any way helpful to stem the ebb tide of popularity. Jannings has fled back to Germany. Chaplin sulks in his tent, apparently fearful to attempt a dialogue picture. In many a Hollywood hacienda the silence that was golden is mourned with sullen bitterness.

In the beginning of the sound era an obvious catch line presented itself to the eager, motion-picture publicity men and they made use of it ad nauseam. "The silent screen has found its voice." Clever and placidly pretty giving the impression that the movies woke up one fine morning and over the second cup of coffee and just before starting the second news section of the Times yawned and said "Dear me, there can be no doubt about it. Unquestionably this new feeling I have had for months must mean I can talk." No impression of what happened could be more wrong. As a matter of bald fact, for a time a near-panic reigned in filmland. The men behind the scenes suddenly found not that the movies had a voice but rather that the movies could use profitably a great many voices. Yet diligent and rapid, almost frantic, search revealed precious few voices in ther own home town. In such an emergency the production executives did exactly what any good business men would have done. Needing voice and dramatic technique they went to the source for material to fill the sudden need. The clarion call went out. The response was eager. Broadway moved en masse to Hollywood and its hungry hordes waxed fat among the orange groves.

The course of events in the past two years has shown conclusively that success has crowned their efforts. The records of the three leading picture companies whose product accounts for over 60 percent of the entire yearly business of the industry show that three-quarters of the featured players under contract to them were engaged from the legitimate stage expressly for the purposes of Movietone and Vitaphone. Some of these players it is true have appeared only at the eastern studios of these companies, but that does not alter the main fact that they are of the stage and not the movies. George Arliss, Ruth Chatterton, John McCormack, Ann Harding, Al Jolson, Beatrice Lillie, Maurice Chevalier, Lenore Ulric, Dennis King, Marilyn Miller, Lawrence Tibbett. These and many others of equal prominence have seen their names that formerly only glittered before a comparatively few legitimate playhouses now blazoned forth on the gaudy marquees of 50,000 motion picture theatres at home and abroad. They have become the personal favorites of hundreds of millions as compared with a former following of a few hundred thousand. They have not failed in the new field of endeavor. On the contrary they have really made good in a trying situation and to the contentment that comes with achievement has been added the realization of a dream which has smoldered in the breast of every knight of the buskin since Aeschylus's day.

Success in the moving picture capital means working fifty-two weeks a year in the daytime like every other human being. It means having one's own home close to work in one of the world's beauty spots; a bungalow with a garden. There are frequent changes of rôle in the "talkies" and therefore no monotony; no cheap hotels, no Pullman cars and no one-night stands. And, most cogent happiness factor of all, Hollywood means filthy lucre in quantities that formerly seemed fantastic even to Broadway's best. The strolling players of Shakespeare's day must turn over in their graves at the thought of actors actually leading regular peaceful lives in common with other men and women. Yet that is precisely one of the rewards that Hollywood and the talking pictures have given to those who answered their siren call.

In passing it might not be amiss to mention briefly

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a third class of actors who do not really belong to either the silent or the stage classification. They are neither Hollywood fish nor Broadway fowl because they have been identified with both alternately for a long time and are thoroughly familiar with the technique of the stage and screen. Will Rogers, the Barrymores, Robert Edeson and others. The talkies are child's play for such as these. They are great but few and may safely be classed as neutrals.

Talking pictures are with us permanently for weal or woe. George Bernard Shaw admits it. King George, Mussolini, Foch, Clemenceau and Hindenburg have gladly posed for them. Even John D. Rockefeller recently went for his first airplane ride in Florida so that the sound camera could record the epochal event. To this tacit or outspoken approval by the leaders has been added the acclaim of the hoi polloi. The sales managers of all big companies declare emphatically that theatre owners just won't buy silent pictures any more because their customers won't come to see them. Yet Will Hays speaking for the Associated Motion Picture Producers of America makes an official report of an increase of 15,000,000 motion picture patrons during the past year. From these two facts alone the extent of the talkies' popularity may be judged.

There is the only fly in the ointment, for the public is fickle in such matters and what it has set up it can also very quickly cast down. Hollywood must hustle as it never did before to hold its sudden gains. As Robert Sherwood puts it, "It is one thing to persuade an audience to pay attention and quite another to give them something worthy of notice." The technique and style that would have been applauded in the silents is now frowned upon by the most illiterate fan who already regards the screen entertainment of four years ago as antique.

The talkies have engendered, in consequence, new criteria of craftsmanship and these in turn imply new responsibilities and standards in the artistic endeavors of those who make the talkies. It is no longer sufficient that they offer merely marvelous examples of the photographic art or the scenarist's facile pen or a pantomimist's subtleties. The success of a talkie depends ultimately and to the greatest degree upon the actors' skill in voice, posture and movement, all restrained to compensate for the exaggeration produced by the camera lens.

Who will play the parts in the talkies of the future—silent players who have survived the present cataclysm or imported players from the legitimate stage? The answer is, neither. Both classes are but strange branches temporarily grafted on a vigorous tree which is bent on producing foliage of its own although appreciative of the assistance received in its infancy. The talkies are new. They are very much alive and different and they must therefore have protagonists of their own fibre. And so, almost unnoticed, there has already grown up in Hollywood a type of actor essentially of the motion picture yet broadened and polished by contact with the histrionic experience of the veterans of the stage who have been his mentors for the past two years.

Frank Albertson, Sue Carol, Anita Page, John Boles, Bernice Claire, Joan Bennett, Gary Cooper, Dixie Lee, Richard Arlen, Helen Chandler, John Garrick, Charles Bickford, Mary Brian, Fay Wray, Jack Oakie, Mary Nolan, Regis Toomey and Mona Maris: these and their type will dominate the pictures of the future because they are talking picture actors bound, if at all, by only the slimmest of ties to other classifications of players. They cannot be classed as picture actors in the old sense because practically all their experience has been in talkies; on the other hand they cannot be herded with the clan of the legitimate stage because they never trod the boards nor faced an actual audience.

They are pictorial youth with a voice.

They are the children of the talking picture. This new form of entertainment may be the result of many different factors but it has its own individuality just the same. It is most emphatically not a photographed stage play nor is it a silent picture with dialogue added. Far from being a mere gathering together of various elements it is a fusion of those elements into something totally new.

So too are its children. They are a new race: a genus to themselves. Bred in Hollywood under the tutelage of Broadway they owe allegiance to neither but to sound whose symbol is the microphone.

Lines

So many ways my heart is torn
I know how strangely I was born.

Such confusion in my head
Tells how strangely I was bred.

Ireland poaching in my veins,
England shepherding my brains.

Woody Thames, serene and slow;
Lonely, tumbled Annamoe:

Lough and moorland, tor and strand,
Each ambitious for command.

Beauties that my mind may reach,
I would give you each to each

And make my heart the meeting place
Where one shall learn another's grace,

Hoping, ere my days are done
To counsel many into one.

Sulky strangers heretofore,
Let the mountain meet the tor,

And the boulders in their rivers
Be forgetters and forgivers.

Let my heart, while it has sense,
Reconcile their difference.

L. A. G. Strong.

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Places and Persons

THE RESURRECTION OF SALZBURG

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

SALZBURG is for me like Vallombrosa. It is true that I have seen neither city. But the names are those of places where the lights of the past burn late—the glitter of old seigniories set against the well-nigh eternal twilight of monastic peace, river and castle turret. In Salzburg the Benedictines have been at home for ages. Mozart came there to coax unforgettable harmonies out of A Flat and F Major. Every procession in history that went down the Danube moved through the shadow cast by these hills. And now, of recent years, the ancient town has once more come to life. Max Reinhardt suddenly conceived the idea of reviving the mediaeval play. He found his way to Salzburg, made a friend of the abbot, and got permission to use the façade of the great minster as a background for Everyman. Hugo von Hoffmansthal came to dedicate his sad romantic genius to the enterprise. The Festspielhaus, committed to drama remote from ultramodern tastes and to the performances of the Vienna orchestra, became a meeting place for the world's artistic élite. And Herman Bahr, returned from virtually all the modern literary crusades, conferred upon the town his fervent blessing.

Meanwhile there really have been simple and solid citizens in Salzburg—merchant tailors inured to the feel of cloth; religious caring for the orphans and the poor whose number had multiplied so greatly during the war; and even, I suspect, a policeman or two to keep the urchins off the lawns. Now these as well as the masters of theatre and melody have been stirred by a momentous dream. There remain in Salzburg the original structures once occupied by the university which Paris Lodron, likened to Pericles by his fellow-citizens, had established in 1622 to become the "Alma Benedictina" of the Austrian world. That was during the days of the large and fervent baroque culture which rejuvenated central European civilization with religious humanism. The university itself, renowned for scholars and poets, earned the right to term itself the centre of drama and humanistic verse. About all this you may read in the books of Joseph Nadler. Then, with the coming of a new and more nationalistic age, the old school was forced by the government to restrict itself to a theological faculty. Beyond this Salzburg had only a gymnasium and its memories.

Today the solid citizens and the artists are banded together to restore the old university. Max Reinhardt, enthusiastic as ever, has declared that this project interests him vastly more than theatre or cinema ever could. All of Catholic Germany and Austria has caught up the idea and resolved to go ahead with the work to be done. For motives that far transcend local conditions, Rome itself has sent out heralds of blessing and approval. There are many reasons why a university under the auspices of the Church, and serving as a rallying-ground for Catholic intellectual forces in the Germanic countries, should be established precisely here. In Germany proper, academic conditions are such that the desirable thing is to maintain a quota of Catholic professors in the important state universities—Munich, Bonn, Berlin and the rest. But in Austria? Little enough is left, one must concede, of the old Austrian mission to "hold the southeast" for Christianity. Reduced to being a small republic, the old empire of the Hapsburgs limps disastrously about its economic, political and cultural tasks. It is not penniless but it is very poor. Nevertheless there are a hundred kinds of spiritual riches in Austria.

First and foremost, there are the Benedictines themselves. They have already taken the prospectively rejuvenated university under the shelter of the abbey, and have appointed to the faculty one of their most brilliant scholars—the well-known psychologist, P. Alois Mager. But wholly apart from the current prestige of the order, there is its illustrious tradition in south German history. To quote Herman Bahr:

> On every page of the chronicle of Austria, one meets Saint Benedict. We owe to him all our culture in every sense of that word, whether direct or attributed. The Benedictines cleared the forest and taught Austria how to hunt and fish and raise wheat, how to build and how to tend the vineyard, how to pray, think, read, write and add up sums. From them we have derived our law and customs, our domestic virtues and arts, the way we mourn or make merry, Latin and Greek, drawing and poetry and acting and music, as well as all our social forms. So long as there goes, somewhere in the world, a shadow of a surviving Austrian, its contour will have something of Benedictine "discretion." This is the way we have learned to live.

Secondly, the atmosphere of Salzburg is as definitely, ineradicably cultural as that of any other old-world university town. Not Heidelberg itself has greater symbols of man at his loftiest than this city in which catacombs from the era of Roman persecutions blend with fastidious baroque churches and contemporary manifestations of literary or even architectural art (for here one may see a notable sample of the "modern" building style, which seems destined to memorialize the spirit of today). Yet, though they love all these things well, the leaders of the Church in the Germanic countries would hardly stake much upon them just now. Harder and possibly more virile tasks are on the carte du jour. The passing of the old order with the war

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placed Christianity midway between unparalleled progress and almost unexampled danger. New liberty, the disappearances of customs which had become restrictions, opened the way to an apostolate freer of the trammels of institutionalized endeavor. Tremendous spiritual yearning, unleashed by the discovery that so many smart nineteenth-century gods were hollow and impotent, actuated a "movement toward Christ."

On the other hand, the significance of economic law had been impressed upon hundreds of thousands with unmitigated cruelty. Whether the revolutionary aspirations of the proletariat are Bolshevistic or not, they are at once a critique of existing inhumanity and a commentary on a world conceived of all too materialistically. There are many who believe the power of Marxism to be greater than ever before; and it stands to reason that southeastern Europe, so fearfully unsettled, must be the great proving grounds for new Muscovite apostles. Jean Mabillon, the French Benedictine archivist who visited the University of Salzburg in 1683, has left an account of an academic festival. He reported that many of the nobility of Austria were in the audience, seeking refuge here—Turcorum metu eo refugere coacti—from the threat of Turkish invasion. And it is true, indeed, that many thoughtful men of today live in dread of a new invasion from the East which would not strip them personally of any worldly possessions but which might destroy things they hold dearer than life itself The worst aspect of a perennial conflict between conservatism and revolution, as now in progress throughout southeastern Europe, is its tendency to inculcate hopelessness. Only a brightening of the intellectual horizon by new confidence in the right—which includes dispelling the clouds of mistaken idealism and bad science can awaken energy, foster courage and improve the status of the race. Christianity, one may well remember, is a creed of hope as well as a religion of faith.

From both points of view, the needed centre for a new intellectual advance and the necessary bulwark against destructive ideas, the revival of Salzburg has been undertaken, one may say, by the Church itself. Ecclesiastically speaking, the chief sponsors are the cardinal archbishops of Munich and Vienna. Beyond that all Catholic cultural agencies in Germany and Austria have joined hands in support of the venture. The university committee is, therefore, a roster of distinguished names, many of them less well-known here than they should be, others universally famous. Indeed it is hoped that this committee may become the power destined to bring about intellectual coöperation between scholarly Catholics throughout the world. An effort to effect a liaison with the United States is already in progress and, for reasons which are obvious, merits support. Meanwhile, however, the university is the thing.

While the financial stringency with which Germany is now afflicted must preclude any rapid carrying out of the plans made, the committee looks forward to restoring the three faculties of theology, philosophy and jurisprudence which once made Salzburg renowned and which now constitute the nucleus of European higher education. The third faculty—jurisprudence—is particularly desired. It can develop, in the light of modern findings and conditions, those principles of "Christian sociology" which so many German Catholic scholars of an older generation labored hard to establish. In this way the doctrine of Von Ketteler might victoriously rival the theory of Marx. Beyond that, the opportunity to labor for international peace and understanding according to the spirit of natural law and supernaturally infused charity is very real and important. Of course such a juridical program cannot remain independent of philosophy and theology, with which sciences it blends in that "wholeness" of weltanschauung which Cardinal Newman held to be the ideal of university life.

One does not doubt that the Salzburg idea will commend itself to numerous Americans. It is true that university problems are acute and difficult to solve in this country—that unawareness of the need and dearth of equipment weigh heavily on many shoulders. Nevertheless it is too late in the day to believe in intellectual isolation. The United States, more than any other country in the world, is evident proof of the assertion that the Church's dominion is world-wide. We should have no priesthood and no flourishing ecclesiastical life if there had not been given to us, in the pioneer centuries just ended, missionaries from every part of the old world. Today we have our just part in the continuance of that apostolic activity Should the opportunity present itself to help man the Christian frontier in Europe, can we refuse?

New Cathedral: Salamanca

This prayer in marble moving toward the sky,
This mountain-mass of hush was all their own
Conception of man's gift to God alone—
This is the star-flung flower we know them by!

With minds and hearts attuned to cunning hands,
They made of them a trinity—the whole
Close-knitted for a symbol of the soul:
That, stone on stone, at last perfection stands.

And what of eyes, and lips, and words, that rang
Like Cherubimic chords along these spires?
Today at dawn I feel those surging fires
Upon my face, and as the great bells clang

Their message of the early morning Mass
Down street and square, and out where the blue hills sleep,
Once more the floods of reverent workmen sweep,
Before my eyes those phantom craftsmen pass. . . .

Not for a day or a year—O never, never
Shall God's vast joy be dwarfed by lack of these
Symmetric stone and iron ecstasies—
So shall men house His Heart in theirs forever!

J. Corson Miller.

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THE BOSTON PILOT

By PATRICK F. SCANLAN

THE biography of a great man is usually interesting. We daresay, however, there is no biography more lively than that of a newspaper. John Boyle O'Reilly, one of the famous editors of the Pilot which is now celebrating the centenary of its foundation, once said:

> Very often we read the biography of a man, who was born, lived, worked and died, and we put the book on our shelves out of respect for his memory. But the newspaper is the biography of something greater than a man—it is the biography of a day. It is a photograph of twenty-four hours in length of the mysterious river of this time that is sweeping past us forever.

And the life story of a Catholic paper besides being absorbingly interesting is usually stimulatingly thrilling. For during its years—be they many or few—are depicted not only the stories of individuals and events but the trials and triumphs of the dearest possession of man—his faith. Also there is described the story of religion's champions and its enemies. Aside from the editorial interest, the financial struggles of a paper twenty-five, fifty or 100 years old are bound to afford interest. The life of the Pilot is no exception to the rule.

In September, 1829, Right Reverend Benedict Fenwick, S.J., second Bishop of Boston, established the paper called the Jesuit, later known as the Pilot. It is a coincidence that this prelate who so adequately recognized the intellectual and spiritual value of the written word should also have been the founder of Holy Cross College. The Catholic Miscellany, and the Truth Teller, both of which have long since passed away, were the only two Catholic publications in the United States preceding the Pilot. Andrew Jackson was President at the time and Boston had a population of but 25,000. Bishop Fenwick was a man not only of erudite scholarship but of great courage and vision. Boston then was a stronghold of Puritanism; the Catholic population, most of whom were poor in resources, totaled a few thousands. The Bishop was able to face tremendous obstacles, perhaps, because his life and actions were established on the slogan found on page one of the first edition of his publication: "If God is for us, who is against us?"

The Jesuit was a weekly composed of eight small three-column pages and sold for $3.00 a year. But what it lacked in paper weight it made up in the weight of its discussions and dissertations. On October 1, 1831, Bishop Fenwick changed the name of the paper to the United States Catholic Intelligencer. In 1833 the former name was resumed. The Bishop took a truly active part in promoting the publication. He turned over its first receipts to the establishment of Saint Vincent's Orphan Asylum, the first Catholic charitable institution in the diocese, and still in existence though greatly enlarged. In December of 1843 the Jesuit was changed to the Irish and Catholic Sentinel. A year later it became the Literary and Catholic Sentinel. In December of 1835 the name was changed to the Boston Pilot.

Space does not permit a review of the historical treasures to be found in the pages of the Pilot. Types of the interesting data, however, may be found by consulting the files even at random. On August 16, 1834, in the most charitable spirit, the wanton destruction by fanatics of the Ursuline convent in Charleston is recorded. In 1836 there was the first public indication that the publishers, Devereaux and Donohoe, were having their troubles. In March of the same year an appeal was made to the Catholic and Irish people to rally to the defense of their faith and race by substantially supporting the paper. Fortunately, the goodwill built up in the seven previous years tided over the difficulties. The Pilot of those days chronicled the speeches of Daniel O'Connell, the acts of the councils of Baltimore and published in serial form the important works of the three English cardinals, Wiseman, Newman and Manning, sermons and addresses of Archbishop Hughes and of Father Faber, novels and stories by Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey and Mrs. M. A. Sadlier. In 1849 a number of editions gave wide prominence to the arrival of Father Mathew in this country. Those who in this day consider Catholics to be too friendly to the proponents of strong drink will be interested to know that the Pilot faithfully reported every speech delivered and every reception attended by the famous apostle of temperance, while in this country. One issue states Father Mathew was wildly greeted in Boston when "fifteen to twenty thousand people were present at the demonstration to him on the Common."

In 1858 the paper was greatly enlarged becoming "the largest Catholic paper in the United States, dimensions 1,669 square inches." The present heading was then adopted and the familiar motto: "Be Just and fear not, let all the ends thou aimest at be thy God's, thy country's and truth's." During the Civil War the Pilot was a staunch supporter of the government, rendered aid in recruiting, and did yeoman's service in softening the old misrepresentations against the Church in New England. Progress became the watchword and in 1868 the paper, with its publishing house and its bank, under the title of the great Patrick Donohoe, who became associated with it in 1838, moved into its own building at 19 Franklin Street. It was one of the finest buildings in Boston in its day. In 1872 the founding of the Boston Globe was greeted editori-

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ally. The Pilot antedates every Boston paper but the Traveler. Later in the same year the greatest disaster in the history of Boston took place. The fire of 1872 destroyed the entire business section of Boston including the magnificent plant and equipment of its Catholic paper. Another fire the following year destroyed the temporary plant of the paper. These were crucial days. Insurance companies failed and Mr. Donohoe's bank went under, thereby compelling him to withdraw as publisher.

His Grace, Archbishop Williams, however, came to the rescue and pulled the paper out of its predicament. On April 22, 1876, this interesting note appeared: "The Pilot is now the property of the most reverend Archbishop of Boston, and Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly." The great Archbishop could not see the paper perish. Later the proceeds from the publication were used to repay the depositors who lost heavily in the failure of Donohoe's bank. Sixteen years after, in 1891, Mr. Donohoe, announced he had paid back every cent lost and he repurchased the Pilot which he conducted until his death in 1891.

In 1908 the modern and new era opened for the Pilot. Cardinal O'Connell, newly created archbishop, made it the official organ of the diocese. Then the paper was composed of eight seven-column pages. There was no central news service, little advertising and the circulation could stand improvement. The Cardinal, a true apostle of the Catholic press, ably directed the building up and the paper's present prosperous condition may be attributed to his efforts. Today it enters 50,000 homes and frequently prints as much as twenty pages. In 1923 His Eminence purchased the modern plant of the Boston Record, and it is from this establishment that the paper is now printed.

This brief sketch of a notable publication would be incomplete without making passing mention of a few of the outstanding characters—characters before whom every Catholic newspaperman bows down in silent admiration—associated with it. In the early days such eminent writers as Thomas D'Arcy McGee, B. F. Emery, Father Roddan, Father O'Flaherty, George Pepper, Dr. Bartlett and Walter J. Walsh graced its pages. From 1870 to the beginning of the present century three of the truly great figures in modern literature guided the paper. They were John Boyle O'Reilly, James Jeffrey Roche and Katherine R. Conway. To find three such sublime characters and notable writers on the staff of a paper at one time was remarkable. With Patrick Donohoe they made a combination the like of which no other publication has treasured. Of deep and abiding faith they did not hesitate to take a stand, and usually an aggressive one, against the enemies of the Church and society. They did not follow the path of least resistance; they did not waste time or tears over what might be or what should be; they took things as they found them and achieved their victories. With love for their faith, with prolific industry, a high sense of correct values, and with a scholarly and intelligent mode of presentation they made the Pilot so welcome that its wrapper was torn off with rare expectation. Their place in Catholic journalism and American literature is secure.

A paper usually has an individuality all its own. Its soul and spirit can be seen in the subjects it takes up, in the manner in which the presentation is made, in the victories it achieves and the friends it wins for the cause. Today the personality of the Cardinal-Archbishop of Boston is stamped on the Pilot. Recently in addressing the students of a seminary the writer recommended the volumes of Cardinal O'Connell's sermons to be used in cultivating style, for the choice of simple but direct language, for popular but logical reasoning. The Pilot editorially follows the direction of its leader. Its editorial policy is well summed up in this quotation:

> To instruct in matters religious and moral, to combat the influence of the unprincipled press, to protect civil and religious liberty, to lend patriotic service to the nation in any way, to perpetuate national ideals and institutions, thereby strengthening the national fabric by a stronger and more virile citizenship.

A close following of the paper for years reveals to the reader that the Pilot of today has a special devotion and loyalty to the mission cause, to Christian education and to the solution of social problems. The propagation, promotion and perpetuation of religion are well furthered under these heads. The splendid publicity it has given to the social reform program of David Goldstein and his colleagues ranks high as a national service. The paper has made it a practice for years to disregard the emanations of political mountebanks and sowers of strife. Such an organization as the Klan has not, to the writer's knowledge, ever drawn even one mention in its columns. Politics is given no space. Controversial subjects have been largely tabooed. As for its news columns, stories from Rome are generally featured, national and local news, especially involving individuals, are not given as large prominence as in some other diocesan papers, unless they are bound up with the constructive and official events in the great see of Boston. The paper has the unique distinction of being the mouthpiece of His Eminence whose style, forcefulness and leadership are greatly admired even by those who do not always agree with what he says. A pronounced tendency to lay decided stress on events of a truly spiritual nature, as the progressive force for building individual character and promoting civic welfare, can be noted. Scholarship, however, is not neglected. The column signed "A Looker On" on the editorial page is an outstanding production from a literary as well as a Catholic point of view.

It can safely be said that there is not another Catholic paper in the country run along exactly the same lines as the Pilot. Editors have different ways of

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handling events, of subjects to be taken up, of the presentation of news and views, of the selection of features, and methods of upholding, extending and defending the Faith, and of arousing and keeping readers interested. This individuality in the Catholic press is an excellent sign, for if all papers were alike then there would not be much excitement in either reading or maintaining them. As a matter of fact Catholics, especially priests and editors, disagree far more frequently than they are given credit for. While such disagreement is, of course, not on the fundamentals of the Christian faith or the principles taught by Christ's Church yet they have a varied sense of appreciation of what goes to make up an interesting, forceful and readable paper, one which accomplishes big things for the cause it espouses. The establishment of the excellent N.C.W.C. News Service has not destroyed or even injured, the individuality and effectiveness of the first-class Catholic publications.

This brief sketch might be closed with the observation that in few places is the Catholic Church as virile and vigorous, and her people more intelligent and better living, than in the archdiocese of Boston. In few places, moreover, is there such a solid Christian sentiment against pernicious movements which slur the mind, defile the body and sear the soul. In Boston one can invariably find united opposition to the forces which dishonor religion, disgrace our country and degrade its citizens. No doubt a large share of the credit for these community assets is due to the work of the publication which has just rounded out a century of brilliant usefulness.

The Weather Vane

A man should choose with careful eye
The things to be remembered by.

When I was knee-high to a man,
My father hired Tom McCann.

Tom's days were bean-rows without end
And rotting shingles still to mend.

But one blue day the man carved out
An arrow clean as a small boy's shout.

He set up near where God may be
His arrow on a tall pine tree.

The years that broke his willing heart
Could never rend this man apart.

The years that snowed upon his hair
Could never harm him anywhere.

I wish that men might think of me
Along with ships far out at sea,

Think of me in ways of weather,
Mix me and thunderheads together,

Remember me by a weather vane
Pointing to beauty and the rain.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN.

COMMUNICATIONS

COMMUNISM AND THE COMMONWEAL

Cleveland, O.

TO the Editor:—Having some time to spend last Sunday while waiting for a chum in town, I entered the Cleveland Public Library. Through the huge marble corridor I wended my way and into the Brett Memorial Reading Room. I sat down to read a magazine. Somehow I could not concentrate. I looked at my watch. I still had an hour and a quarter to wait.

That the Library was opened on Sunday did not surprise me. I knew there were hundreds of taxpayers who perhaps had no religious tendency and required the place to be open every day; and again there were many people who are lost on a Sunday afternoon, with nothing to do.

I looked on the rack for a good Catholic magazine. There were several of the lesser-read periodicals on hand, but the space reserved for The Commonweal was empty. Perhaps it might be on a table, I thought, so I went in search of it. A sickly looking man with wan features seated in an entirely unnatural pose was reading The Commonweal. He seemed to be dozing and yet ever so often I would see him taking notes and scoring various passages.

I wondered whether he had read any previous issues of the same magazine, and if so, which passages irritated him, which made him feel somehow commentatory. Nevertheless the happy thought of having an opportunity to study the stranger resolved itself.

"One of the past issues of The Commonweal, please."

A minute later the young lady in charge returned with about a half-dozen copies. I selected one at random. It was the issue of March 19.

On page 547, under the heading, Christendom on Its Knees, I found the following passage heavily underscored: "Soviet Russia has international cravings. A series of outbursts in all parts of the world, engineered by apostles of the new Utopia and shared by hundreds of disaffected workers, prove too well the priority which many people concede to the values of material well-being."

Continuing in the same paragraph, I discovered a certain passage boxed. It read: ". . . after this the horrors of Moscow may be seen as horrors which, by the grace of God, we have as yet been spared." A penciled note appeared: "They're O. K."

The next quotation which I read had the recent subtitle "Mammon-Crazed U. S." inserted while the section referred to was temporarily enclosed in brackets. And yet when I read further on I fairly smiled. There appeared a close resemblance between the two. "The incredibly long list of ghastly murders, past the scenes of which Trotzky and Stalin rode in armored cars; the chronicle of torture and rapine, of hunger and foul disease, of infamous hysteria and enforced cringing—all this nightmare enduring throughout a decade can be dispelled by no opiate." (Such was the result of civilization the world over.) I smiled again as I thought of the man who had compared this picturesque description to the money-crazy United States.

Turning the page a notation near the top caught my attention. "Be nice," the note read and naturally I wanted to know why The Commonweal should be nice at that particular spot. I was not in suspense very long. The passage, evidently referred to, read: "To say that religion in Russia has been corrupt and emasculated may be permissible in part. But it is only relatively true." I stopped here.

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Russia's Holy Shrines by Catherine Radziwill was next on the program. The word "holy" in the heading was penciled through and a noticeable question mark hovered nearby. Prefixes and suffixes were thumbed out at random.

The section which relates how Anna yielded to the barbarian prince, who in turn had his entire army baptized, was labeled as the "Beautiful Beginning of Holy Russia." When ". . . the populace of Kief arose in protest . . . the Virgin herself appeared to the aged Peter. . ." "Oh yeah?" marked the height of sarcasm or bitterness in the individual who ill-used that poor little defenseless pencil to such unfair advantage.

In Paul Brown's article, I Hunt for a Job, the three words, "What for? Pray" were penciled in.

I could not read further. I returned the magazine to the librarian and went in search of my chum. Perhaps it was just my fool luck to select the issue of March 19 to read.

WILLIAM L. PETRO.

THE PALESTINE REPORT

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Mr. Richards's interesting letter needs no detailed reply. It is a clear expression of the Zionist point of view, from which, of course, my comment upon the Palestine Report would not be acceptable. I said in my article that the Report was sure to be bitterly attacked by the Zionists. I might have added that so is everything else with which they disagree.

Those of your readers who are interested might reread the article to which Mr. Richards is objecting. They will see that he misunderstands it in several important respects. For instance, I have never said that "Britain has consistently betrayed the Arabs in order to benefit the Jews." The benefit to the Jews (if any) is incidental to this operation, and not its object. In fact the whole point of my comment was something which Mr. Richards appears to miss entirely: that whatever happens to Arabs and Jews, Britons never will be slaves.

There is a figure of speech known in English rhetoric as irony. There is also an English national anthem called Rule, Britannia! of which the refrain is "Britons never shall be slaves." By ironic reference to this anthem, I said in the conclusion of my article: "One is left with the assurance that Britons, at least, never will be slaves." By this I meant that no matter what the future holds in store for the unhappy inhabitants of Palestine, Arab and Jewish, the British are sure to come out on top.

As to my personal position, I am a little weary of explaining it to incredulous Zionists. They seem determined to regard me as (to quote Mr. Richards) "an agent of the grand mufti." Even more surprising legends were current in Jerusalem last autumn. My personal position is not very important, one way or the other, but those who are interested in it might read a correspondence on the subject in the Jewish Daily Bulletin of January 5, 1930. I should be glad to supply further details by private correspondence for the next ten or twenty years, but it seems useless to continue the argument in print. I regard Zionism as a profound and disastrous mistake, dangerous to the Jews and unjust to the Arabs. A good many Jews agree with me. If I differ with Mr. Brailsford, Viscount Cecil of Chelwood, Mr. Lloyd George, and other eminent politicos, what of it? It surely must have leaked out by now, even among the most convinced partizans, that there is a difference of opinion on this subject.

VINCENT SHEEAN.

"BELIEVE IT OR NOT"

Covington, Ky.

TO the Editor:—The greatest marvel listed in Believe It or Not, by Robert L. Ripley, is undoubtedly the following: "The grand inquisitor, Peter Arbuez, who burned 40,000 people at the stake, was made a saint by the Pope in 1860."

Saint Pedro de Arbues was born in 1442 at Epila in Aragon, Spain. In 1476 he became a canon regular at Saragossa. In 1484 he was appointed inquisitor for Aragon by Torquemada. On September 15, 1485, he was murdered at Saragossa while praying in a church.

As Saint Pedro was inquisitor for only about a year, and as there are only 8,760 hours in a year, he had to burn about four and a half persons each hour of the day and the night in order to reach the grand total ascribed to him by Mr. Ripley. Surely a record that will stand for all time.

During the eighteen years that Torquemada was grand inquisitor of Spain, it is said that he burnt 10,220 persons for heresy and other crimes. These are Llorente's figures; but modern research has reduced the list of those burnt by Torquemada to about 2,000 (See Encyclopedia Britannica.)

If, to use Llorente's figures, ten thousand persons were executed in the whole of Spain from 1481 to 1498, where do the 40,000 (forty thousand) come in that Saint Pedro Arbues, according to Mr. Ripley, burnt at the stake? This is a new puzzler for Mr. Ripley to uncork in a future volume of his "incredible and stimulating memorabilia—concerning the phenomena of mankind."

J. J. LAUX.

UNDER THE SURFACE

Hampton Falls, N. H.

TO the Editor:—Reading in The Commonweal for April 9 your article entitled Under the Surface, I was conscious from the first line to the last of having my own vague and apparently groundless misgivings of things to come, corroborated by those who know. I wonder just what proportion of "our complacent, easy-going, bewildered American people" are in reality conscious of similar forebodings, but like the fabled ostrich prefer to hide their heads in the sand and say, "There isn't any lion so long as we refuse to see him coming." I can see one perfectly simple and reliable, yet perfectly impossible, remedy for the present state of dangerous discontent and anger among the poor and unemployed; the only trouble with this remedy being that it is utterly opposed to the point of view of the world at large. Its one small chance of ever being adopted rests on the frail support of the habit of our people of today of going from one extreme to another. For whatever it may be worth I will set it down as follows:

Let us all, rich, poor and middle classes, stop spending for anything except the plain necessities of life and above all things avoid display of wealth and the contemptible striving to outshine or even live up to the standard of our neighbors. Envy of others who have more than we have is perhaps the commonest of the cardinal sins and its penalty of unhappiness is very quick and sure. The wealthy may in the privacy of their homes enjoy luxury to their heart's content so long as they confine it there, but if they truly desire to remove all temptation to envy from the paths of others, they must wear their old clothes on the street and see to it that their cars are kept in a state of unrepair outside, however luxuriously they may be upholstered within, and the same with everything concerning public display.

The money saved in this way might well be used for charity,

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or to defray town debts and expenses whenever this can be safely and wisely done; otherwise it should be hoarded as the miser hoards his gold; the one important thing being to keep it out of circulation. Every thousand dollars kept out of circulation makes the poor man's dollar worth just so much more in proportion. When Grover Cleveland was President he was severely criticized for maintaining that $1.00 a day was good pay for the working-man, though at that time those working for that wage could fairly well support their families and lay be something for the future. Also there were no expenses for private automobiles to be considered, while a few bushels of potatoes would pay the farmer's tax on land and real estate, which now may call for two seasons' crop or more. If all the money spent for public improvements went into the hands of the working-man, the gain might equal the loss entailed, but this is not the case, and the man who pays only a poll tax directly, pays indirectly a portion of his share at least in higher rents and cost of living generally. Now while I do not believe that there is a ghost of a chance that this plan for alleviating the growing discontent and envy among the working people will ever be carried out in full, anyone who so desires may adopt it in part and so do his share in averting trouble.

WILLIAM EVERETT CRAM.

MAINLY ABOUT OURSELVES

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Today's European mail brought a booklet of little sayings of Mother Angela de Cordier, the foundress of the convent and school for girls known as Nonnenwerth, situated on a beautiful island in the Rhine. On one occasion, when the outlook for the future was rather bleak and hopeless, she wrote the following interesting lines to a friend sympathetic to her cause: "Jacob labored seven years before he obtained a bride and then he slaved seven more years till he got the one he really wanted. Let us work seven years as the humblest handmaids of the Lord, and if God wants it, let us add seven more. . . ."

When I read that I thought of your editorial in The Commonweal of March 26. I do not know how long you have worked and slaved under handicaps and difficulties. I do not know whether you are still working to get Lya or whether you are on the second lap—for Rachel. However, the good of the Church in America demands that your paper live. The intellectual class of laymen and priests need The Commonweal. As a token of good-will I am enclosing a check of $70—$10 for each of the first seven years. I regret I cannot multiply this figure by ten.

R. BOCKELMAN.

THE SPIRIT OF CATHOLICISM

Clarksville, Tex.

TO the Editor:—In a number of criticisms, all eulogistic, of Dr. Karl Adam's The Spirit of Catholicism, I have seen none which notices one of the most salient merits of the work, its style; as if style were a negligible quality in theological literature. I take it that the English translation faithfully reflects the literary garb of the original. Accordingly the style of The Spirit of Catholicism is flowing, musical, of a restrained eloquence; something that we do not associate with works of German scholarship, and which, I think, has no equal in Catholic religious writings in English, outside of Newman and Bishop Bellord.

REV. GEORGE J. REID.

THE SCREEN

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

King of Jazz

NOTHING could better illustrate the growing flexibility and range of the talking color screen than the general excellence, variety, charm and occasional imaginative interludes of King of Jazz—a sprightly musical review presented by Carl Laemmle with Paul Whiteman and his band as the major attraction.

The motion picture industry has been struggling with a ghostly past in these first days of the talking screen, but the directors are already showing signs of realizing their sudden freedom. King of Jazz is important, not so much because of any superlative beauty or distinction as through the progress it marks over earlier attempts at transposing musical entertainment to the screen. Most of the credit for this, I imagine, must go to John Murray Anderson. He directed the entire production, and it bears the imprint of his marked genius. Mr. Anderson has always been one of the most imaginative of review producers—though not always the most successful within the limits imposed by the stage. His tendency in stage production was toward very beautiful pictures to the neglect of the sprightlier features which the stage demands for well-varied entertainment. The screen greatly enlarges his pictorial scope in two ways—first through the almost limitless freedom of photography, and, secondly, through the very fact that it is a medium in which the picture can and should dominate. A screen-trained audience is more ready to relish pictorial beauty than a stage audience. This is partly because the screen grew up in pantomime; also because the very size of the screen framework gives pictorial effect a greater unity than it can achieve on the stage. Those sitting in the front orchestra rows of an ordinary theatre can never get the true perspective of a stage picture. The foreshortening is too great, and the human element, the personality of the actor, is too strong. But on the screen, because it is flat and because its entire framework is within the line of vision, the pictorial effect naturally assumes the commanding influence. For this reason, John Murray Anderson finds himself at last working in a medium made to his order and temperament. The first result is both delightful and promising.

A few examples may serve to show the extent to which this production takes full advantage of screen freedom. After the informal introduction of Mr. Whiteman, the master of ceremonies asks him where he has put his band. Whiteman replies, "In my bag." He then opens a suitcase, takes out of it a miniature platform, sets it on a table, and at last dumps from the bag a group of tiny figures who rush to the platform and take their places on it. This, of course, is merely a trick of double exposure taken in two widely varying perspectives. But it is obviously an effect impossible to achieve on the stage. A second example of screen freedom comes soon after in an animated cartoon, telling the fantastic story of how Whiteman first earned the title of King of Jazz—once more an impossibility on the stage. As the review progresses, more and more novel effects are introduced, reaching a climax in the imaginative rendering of the Gershwin Rhapsodie in Blue, with the miniature band concealed in a gigantic blue piano, and one scene melting into another in fantastic and delightful sequence. There is no ghost of old stage practice limiting these scenes. They are fresh, varied, and spring right out of the full and unique possibilities of the medium. The beauty of the technicolor process merely gives Anderson his charter of freedom.

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The effect of real genius applied to a new medium is strangley exciting. I do not wish to minimize the entertainment value of the King of Jazz. It has in it excellent short sketches, and much deftly rendered music, as well as enthralling pictures. But its chief interest is the stimulus it gives to one's imagination. One leaps toward the future, and toward possibilities in many other fields than musical review. Take, for example, the rather unsatisfactory efforts of the Lewisohn sisters to combine music and the dance, and project this same effort onto the technicolor screen. I can readily see a successful blending of the two media on the screen, whereas I am sure it is impossible on the three-dimensional stage. Or—to take a longer leap—what of adaptations of the Wagner Ring cycle? Given the fired imagination of a great director (Norman Bel Geddes, for example) it is easy to conceive of a pictorial miracle in which the gods and mortals would be on different planes, the gods huge and shadowy, the mortals struggling and minute, and Valhalla an abode of towering magic. In spite of the agonized protests of all those who resent mechanical reproduction of music, there would be far-reaching compensations in a production of this sort. It would achieve a unity of mood between music and vision utterly impossible on the stage.

All this, of course, is a far cry from King of Jazz. Yet if any one is dubious concerning the future of the talking color screen, I would advise him to see this Whiteman film, and to keep an open mind as he watches the power of a fine imagination applied to a new medium. He will catch many scenes that tion applied to a new medium. The new movies are giving their old ghosts short shrift. (At the Roxy Theatre.)

Wedding Rings

BASED on The Dark Swan, a novel by Ernest Pascal, Vitaphone has produced a none-too-interesting triangle story in which H. B. Warner, Lois Wilson and Olive Borden have the chief rôles. It recounts the struggle of two sisters over one man, with Lois Wilson as the patient and understanding sister, and Olive Borden as the sister who wins out at first and marries her man, only to lose him later, via the divorce courts, and thanks to her own indiscretions.

Obviously, the story has nothing to recommend it. It is trite in basic idea, anything but subtle in its development and barren of any worthwhile conclusion. It does serve, however, to set a rather high premium upon the potential value of both Lois Wilson and H. B. Warner as artists of the talking screen, and to indicate an important trend in the industry brought about by dialogue possibilities. Mr. Warner has discovered a particularly happy technique. Unlike so many screen stars, and even so many recently converted stage stars, he appears to be utterly undismayed by the recording microphone. He trusts it, so to speak, with the result that one catches the full flavor of unforced and beautifully timed diction, which flows naturally and with perfect ease. Miss Wilson has something of the same direct simplicity—in pleasant contrast to Olive Borden who forces her speech and endows it with an accent that varies from the most precise cosmopolitan to an unengaging New Yorkese. On the other hand, it is interesting to see that dialogue has opened up screen possibilities to artists of reasonable maturity. The day seems to be passing when only the freshness of the early twenties could be counted on to draw fan applause. Mr. Warner is far beyond the years of the traditional movie lover, and Miss Wilson, though still young and attractive is no longer to be classed among the ingenues. The introduction of speech makes it possible for the older actor to interest an audience through the maturity and poise of the character as well as through looks alone. Between this rising importance of the experienced actor and the increasing need for fine playwrights, the screen may easily look forward to a maturity of its own in the course of the next few years. (At the Strand Theatre.)

All Quiet on the Western Front

IT IS good to know that the talking screen can accomplish such a service as this poignant and impressive rendering of Erich Remarque's war story. By entrusting the dialogue to George Abbott and Maxwell Anderson, and the direction to Lewis Milestone, Carl Laemmle has presented us with a document of enduring power.

I cannot make comparisons with the novel of the same name, not having read the book. I imagine, however, that those who found it interesting because of its subjective quality may feel that the screen version is greatly limited by the necessities of objective story-telling. The effect, however, so far as an audience goes, is decidedly subjective. It requires only the slightest imaginative insight to feel the crush of events as Paul Baumer must have felt them—the endless accelerating slaughter of youth, the shattering of nerves, the parades of death, the contrast between the suffering demanded and the trivial results achieved.

There are, of course, moments during which the authors descend to obvious commentaries on the events. The screen play would have been more powerful without these interpolations. It is the first of the screen war stories to omit entirely the theme of heroism and glamour. It tells a stark tale of terror, darkness, filth and the hysteria which makes men kill without knowing why. The tension is relieved at times by plausible comedy—but always of the ironic sort. Some may call it a pacifist play. I prefer to think of it as an honest effort at objective truth. The machine of war has grown so terrible today that a picture of its realities should always be before the minds of those who make decisions on war and peace. The cost of war can be greater than death itself. That is the theme of the story, and it is unquestionably true. To let people know exactly what the cost of war can be is not pacifism; it is merely furnishing the material for honest appraisal. In imaginative direction, in swift moving sequence, in everything except the undeniably American faces of the supposedly German soldiers and one needlessly suggestive episode, this film is an amazingly dramatic and authentic achievement. (At the Central Theatre.)

Show Girl in Hollywood

IN EXTENDING the chronicles of Dixie Dugan to cover a career in Hollywood, J. P. McEvoy has not done much to enhance his reputation. Those who might expect a large measure of spice and scandal in this tale of Holywood intrigue will be disappointed. At the same time, those who expect considerable vitality and originality in Mr. McEvoy's writing will be equally disappointed at the banal treatment of a highly conventional story.

As to the technicolor sequences which close the film, giving excerpts from a screen production of a musical show, they only serve to demonstrate what happens when the screen, instead of living up to its full scope, allows itself to be limited by stage conventions. Nothing could better emphasize the imaginative daring of King of Jazz than the contrast offered by Show Girl in Hollywood. It is simply a copy of stage methods and technique. By this time it ought to be obvious that the future of the screen, financially as well as artistically, depends on its doing what the stage cannot do. (At the Winter Garden.)

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BOOKS

Science and Faith

The Sceptical Biologist, by Joseph Needham. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. $3.00.

THIS very stimulating book contains ten independent articles, of which three short ones on Coleridge, de la Mattrie and Harvey treat certain aspects of the lives of these three men interested in biology. The other seven deal with a subject of great interest to philosophers and scientists, which is still very controversial; accordingly the reviewer can give only his personal opinion.

The seven articles are kept together through a consequent answer to the question: what should the scientific attitude of the biologist be? Needham is, in the distinctions which he makes, strongly influenced by the newer development of physics which indeed is the fundamental natural science because of its dealing with matter present everywhere. He takes his physics mainly in the form of the views proposed by Eddington in his Nature of the Physical World, perhaps too seriously, because Eddington is of necessity overemphasizing the new side of the picture.

Needham's standpoint amounts to this: the world in its wholeness can only be treated by philosophy (or perhaps not even by this?) Naturalism, as the philosophy which assumes that only mechanism ("motions and atoms") exists, is dead forever. Apart from philosophy we can only get partial glimpses of the totality of the world by approaching it from different sides and with different methods, all of which are autonomous and cannot contradict each other because they look at *different* aspects of the same entity.

To the reviewer that seems to be partly true, in the sense that a scientific investigation and an aesthetic appreciation of the same thing cannot interfere with each other and are entitled to their own methods but he does not agree with all the consequences.

Needham next says, that the new attitude—in opposition to the Victorian attitude—considers science as giving *one,* not as giving the all-embracing aspect of the world.

And now comes, to the reviewer's mind, the most important step, namely, the assertion that science should be entitled to use the mechanistic concept as a "heuristic hypothesis" and press it as far as possible everywhere. Objections from philosophy would not hit the mark, because in doing so science would not claim that the mechanistic hypothesis gives the whole of the world, but only the whole of the scientific aspect of the world.

Needham stresses correctly that the historical development has subjected ever-increasing fields of chemistry and biology to the mechanistic view (with which expression he means the view that in the particular fields the laws are the same that we know from physics and that the method of description is best a quantitative one, looking for "effective causes" or for present conditions as determining what must happen). He emphasizes that every success has been connected with this view and that, considered as a method, it is the only one that suggests new experiments leading to new results. He emphasizes, to repeat it, this as a methodological, not a metaphysical procedure, which should not be subject to philosophical objections, which in his opinion are not to the point, as they have nothing to do with the aim of the scientist.

The reviewer does not quite agree with Needham when he asserts that the mechanistic view is the only scientific view possible. There seems to be an unfortunate situation due to the use of certain words in the English language. In German we use "wissenschaft" which includes theology, law, the humanities and natural science, etc., and subdivide it into "geistes-" and "natur-wissenschaft" which latter is again subdivided into "beschreibende" (descriptive) and "exakte naturwissenschaften." Mechanism is surely the appropriate method for the latter group. In English, the word science is sometimes used synonymous with "wissenschaft" in general, sometimes only as meaning one of the sub-groups and therefore it tends to convey the impression that the historian has either to use the method of physics or is not "scientific."

While accordingly the reviewer, as a physicist, believes and hopes that the methods of physics will explain more and more in biology and should be pushed as far as possible, without despairing of it because it cannot explain many things yet, he believes it perfectly possible that it is not the only possible method in intellectual research, but that—at least for the next few hundred years—different fields might have to use different concepts without losing the dignity of a science.

The strongest objection of the reviewer, however, has to be leveled against the standpoint of Needham concerning religion. To be sure, Needham emphasizes that there is no possible contradiction between science and religion. But according to him, this is so because they have different viewpoints concerning the same world, as explained before in the case of science and aesthetics. To Needham—if the reviewer understands it right—religion is exclusively religious experience, in the same sense as beauty is aesthetic experience, which means that religion as well as science does not conflict because both give only partial, non-overlapping treatment of the same object, while the reviewer believes that—at least as far as dogmatics is concerned—the difference lies often not in the difference of aspect, but in the difference of the object. That means that it is thinkable—although it is not so, fortunately, as the reviewer, as a scientist, would say—that revelation would f.e. give the exact age of the earth, while for Needham religion is confined exclusively to giving a quite different type of experience.

KARL F. HERZFELD.

Toward Jerusalem

The Crusades, by Harold Lamb. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $5.00.

MR. LAMB is one of the few writers of history who succeed in making it attractive, even to those who are frank enough to say they do not care for it. All his books read like romance, and their heroes, even when they belong to the scourges of the earth, like Tamerlaine and Genghis Khan, are transformed under his brilliant pen into fascinating beings. He keeps his readers' attention concentrated on them until he takes leave of them, and this without infringing on those rules of history which forbid turning stern reality into poems.

The only thing one can say against Mr. Lamb's Crusaders is that it is too long. It is a splendid record of splendid deeds, and for a lover and student of history, its perusal constitutes a very real delight. The author has from the first line imbued himself with the spirit of the crusades, and his explanation of how they were started, as well as the story of the march of the crusaders to Jerusalem, and of the various incidents which accompanied and delayed it, is most interesting and instructive to read.

The characters are drawn with a fine hand. In particular, Pope Urban II, who conceived the First Crusade and sent it forth, and Godfrey of Bouillon, baron of Jerusalem and De-

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fender of the Sepulchre as he called himself, refusing the title of king. Mr. Lamb has drawn this last-named personage especially well, and made him stand out in his book among all the other knights who together with him, had rushed to snatch the grave of Christ from the infidels.

The story of the taking of Jerusalem itself is a painful one. The terrible slaughter which marked it is anything but edifying, and one can only regret that among those crusaders supposed to have been actuated by the noblest and holiest motives, when they took up the Red Cross and sewed it on their garments, there were so many bandits. On the other hand as an offset to the description of the horrors performed by these "men of iron," as Mr. Lamb calls them, we have some pages after the seizure of the sacred city, that strike one's heart as well as one's imagination with the poetry of an unfinished hymn of praise to the Lord, especially the lines dealing with the celebration of Easter in Jerusalem, the first Easter of the year 1200. I cannot refrain from quoting these lines, which contain so much humanity ought to take to heart for ever and ever. "Godfrey understood then, what others before him had known—that Jerusalem is a city shared among many men, hallowed by old customs that no new masters may alter." Which words explain why all through past ages, and in ages to come, this city will unite all nations and all creeds in worship of the one Being Whose death made it what it is.

CATHERINE RADZIWILL.

The Ultimate Reality

The Significance of Personality, by Richard M. Vaughan. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

MR. VAUGHAN'S book is "humanistic" in tone, making man central, and "personality" the key to the universe and its mysteries, but it voices none of the sad plaintiveness of Walter Lippmann or other prophets of his type, for the author writes from a different point of view. He lives on the higher plane of faith. There are distinct echoes of Bergson and his "creative evolution," and he accepts the testimony of the soul as of higher validity than that of the test-tube or laboratory, at least in the realm of the spirit.

He has a thesis, and it is never lost sight of, although in the course of the book he discusses religion, theology, metaphysics, the Church, marriage, the family, women, and Mussolini. Always he writes from the position of the thinker who believes in God, in a divine Christ, and who therefore grants the supernatural.

Early in the book Mr. Vaughan lets us into the secret that he is a "personalist" and believes that all life should be studied from the angle of "personalism." This, he declares, is the key to the mysteries of existence—as Henry van Dyke once expressed it, "the ultimate of reality is personality." Here is Mr. Vaughan's view exactly, and he is so enamored of the idea that it makes him an evangel.

"Personalism" gives man a satisfactory orientation to the universe, as he accepts himself as an undying personality, and God too as personal, ourselves coexistent with Him yet separate, personal entities. The author writes, "Personality is the loftiest reality of which we have any knowledge, and we may boldly claim that there will never appear upon earth a higher value. . . . The idea of the 'self' as a spiritual entity is possible only to man. In like manner we can arrive at the thought of God as the supreme and invisible spirit. Prayer, worship, religion, are the prerogatives of man alone because he alone possesses reason in the higher sense of the term. . . . Christianity has

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dared to believe in the kinship of man to the power which is the source and goal of all things. It finds in personality the clew to the meaning of God and His world."

There is certainly nothing new in this for it has always been basic in the teachings of the Church. It goes back to the early theologians, and indeed to Christ Himself.

The author's chapters on The Humanity of God, and The Spirituality of Nature are especially strong. Writing of Christ he exhibits the clarity of Harnack with an added spiritual insight—he even gives us flashes of the sublime mysticism of Augustine.

When he discusses, briefly, Catholic ideas and principles he is apt to reveal sorry misconceptions, as when he decides that Catholic "sacramentalism" is essentially "magic." He concedes the crying need in the world today of "authority" but regards it as presumptive for the Pope, the Head of the Visible Church, to speak "ex cathedra" on matters of faith and morals. Still, he writes, "We must, however, acknowledge the vast truth in the idea that the common judgment of the Church universal, the spiritual Church if not the visible Church, illumined by the Gospel, instructed by prophetic leaders, guided by the Divine Spirit, is our nearest human approach to a knowledge of the mind and will of God." This is admitting a lot. And if he takes a sly dig now and then at Catholic ideas he is still harder on Calvinistic theology.

Such books as this might well be placed in the hands of many young students who now prefer Watson to Thomas Aquinas and Fosdick to Augustine.

A. Longfellow Fiske.

Geneva's Saint

The Life of Saint Francis de Sales; adapted from the Abbé Hamon by Harold Burton. New York: P. J. Kenedy and Sons. $13.00.

IT IS desirable that popular interest in the saints should increase, and so fashions in hagiography have been judiciously altered. The value of the complete record abides nevertheless. When a given saint is so verily the index to spirituality in his age as was Saint Francis de Sales, a book which enables one to follow him step by step is of inestimable value. The present two-volume biography is excellent in almost every particular, Father Burton's version being a real improvement over the French original. An attitude of reverence, essential to a work of this kind, neecssarily takes the emphasis off dramatic inner conflicts, glimpses of which are afforded by the Abbé Brémond; but there is a detailed review of the Saint's manifold activities—the career of one who was both scholar and prelate, mystic and logician, active spirit and founder of a contemplative order. The singular sweetness of his personality, so representative of the best in seventeenth-century Christian humanism, was a blend of élan and self-restraint.

The era of the counter-reformation is replete with counsel for the present time. Indeed, it is worthier of study and emulation, in many respects, than the middle-ages. So many insights into the spirit of the time are afforded by a book of this character that it is well-nigh indispensable to the student of the period. Even more important to us of the present, however, is the character of Salesian mysticism. As an illustration of this the reader may take the letter to Madame de Charmoisy, written upon receipt of the news of her husband's death. Everything is here: resignation to the Divine Will that is at the same time an act of love; tender human affection; and recognition of the fact that one can do little for oneself,

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that He must do all. The admirable reasonableness of such a doctrine offers no barrier to the most enthusiastic fervor. It is educated Christianity. Every collection of religious books ought to include this life, which is at once a monument of erudition and a great handbook of counsel. Though one might becomingly desire to change a phrase here and there, the integrity of the whole is admirable.

PAUL CROWLEY.

Spirited Romance

None So Pretty, by Margaret Irwin. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

HERE is a charming story, and, more than that, a big and a wise one. Laid in the last half of the seventeenth century upon the restoration of Charles II, it is no slight chronicle of those years, easy and uneasy, that followed the Great Fire of 1666. People known and unknown flit in and out among its pages—John Evelyn, Samuel Pepys, Aphra Behn, Buckingham, Prince Rupert, Sir Roger L'Estrange, Sir Thomas Browne—as well as mistresses, pedlers, fortune-tellers, a nurse, who is an echo of her in Romeo and Juliet, and a chaplain who exemplifies the type described by Macaulay in his chapter on England in 1685. The seventeenth-century English country itself is depicted, its seasons, its pastimes, its roads. Perhaps, indeed, the most vivid picture is that of Lady Ingleby, her coach wedged in the mud, she herself sitting in a damp ditch for two hours and meditating with exasperation on the good roads *she* would make if she, or some other woman, were king or protector!

But, valuable as it is from that point of view, Miss Irwin's story is far more than a chronicle. It is a tragedy of circumstance as well as a romance of situation. It is alike ironic and cruel, fanciful and poetic. The girl, Nancy Pretty, or "None So Pretty," who takes her name from the flower, London Pride, lives as airily as the blossoms for which she is called. One year is given to her in which to fulfil all the desires and dreams of her childhood, in which to experience that which her creative nature demands. Then she is buried in Dorchester Abbey beneath the weighty epitaph which itself gave Miss Irwin her story.

Throughout the book a beautiful unity is preserved by the skilful adaptation of style to material and attitude. A light and yet minor tone pervades throughout, accomplished by a curious, rhythmic drop of the sentences in final phrases and clauses. "The cavalcade passed on its way, leaving behind a trail of gossip that spread over the countryside and furnished light refreshment for many months. It spread slowly, for winter now imprisoned the land. Snow and frost made the roads impassable; the ground was too hard to dig; the sheep grew like skeletons. . . . People could not meet for sport; the houses were too dark for much indoor work or reading, even supposing their inhabitants could read. A great deal more time was spent in bed since that was the warmest place, and long stories were told round the kitchen fire." Conscious or unconscious as this may be, conceived and executed by the thought of the author or only resultant from her own feeling for her story, it nevertheless provides a perfect atmosphere for the sweetly appealing personality and the behavior, with its tragic consequences, of Mistress Anne Hambridge, or Nancy Pretty.

Indeed, this style with its haunting tones and lingering echoes certainly lends to a bigness which the book unquestionably possesses and which makes it much more than the life of Mistress

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Anne who died at eighteen. Perhaps the old songs and superstitions which Miss Irwin includes add another cubit to its stature. Perhaps yet another is afforded by her allusion, which she makes more than once, to the familiar Saxon story of the sparrow, flying into the lighted hall and then into the darkness without.

At all events, None So Pretty is, as we contended at the start, charming, big and wise; and it deserves the widest possible reading and appreciation.

MARY ELLEN CHASE.

Ex Umbris

Cardinal Newman, by J. Lewis May. New York: The Dial Press. $3.50.

THIS is the sixth book to be published on Newman within the last four and a half years, with French, English and American scholarship represented. Therein lies one answer to the occasionally posed question: "Who bothers about Newman now?" As a matter of fact Newman is more than holding his own. His figure greatens steadily with the years, not because he has become a tradition but because as a personality, thinker, writer, and as the preëminent spiritual force produced by the English-speaking world in three centuries, he has seized upon the imaginations, the intellects and the hearts of men.

Neither Newman's name nor his influence can be forgotten as long as the sons of Eve are plagued by spiritual questions. The warfare of sense against the unseen realities is unending. Who has put the case and restated the answer so eloquently, so patiently, so convincingly as Newman? Intolerance has always stood as a spectre terrifying little minds into cruelty and driving great ones into revolt, and its blighting shadow has not yet been withdrawn. Who pleaded against intolerance as brilliantly as Newman or exposed its pitilessness so relentlessly, or stripped it of its protean disguises so adroitly? Where has a subtler or more insistent psychology been employed to acclaim duty as still the "stern daughter of the voice of God," whose mandate cannot be fulfilled vicariously because it is direct, personal, individual, inescapable? "The rule and measure of duty," Newman wrote nearly a century ago, "is not utility, nor expedience, nor the happiness of the greatest number, nor state convenience, nor fitness, order and the pulchrum," and "Conscience is not a long-sighted selfishness, nor a desire to be consistent with oneself; but it is a messenger from Him, who, both in nature and in grace, speaks to us behind a veil, and teaches and rules us by His representatives."

Paganism is with us, naked and unashamed, and as we see the disintegration of beliefs, the breakdown of the supports of faith and of faith itself, Newman's dictum comes back upon the memory with the power and truth of prophecy: "There are but two alternatives, the way to Rome, and the way to atheism."

Pertinent too, and with ever-widening implications, is the question of education. It bristles with problems, challenges, dangers, questions, higher education perhaps most of all. Why college? Is it worth while or is it a waste of time, a humbug? Are its effects constructive or destructive? How far may professors exploit subversive personal opinions? What, if anything, are its aims? Do educators agree in their answers? Unanimity exists nowhere—except in the statement that higher education in America, at least, is like a cone trying to stand on its apex. Newman has an answer in the form of a philosophy of education so sound, so complete, so fool-proof that a generation which believes that the quest is better than discovery fails to see it.

What has all this to do with Mr. May's Newman? This:

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that Mr. May has taken for the subject of his book not a name but a man, not a tradition but one of the great living forces of today, no less than of countless tomorrows. Mr. May has given us a charming and brilliant restatement of the facts of Newman's life and though not a sharer in the Cardinal's faith, he is to be numbered among his most ardent admirers. To read the first pages of this study is to read the entire book and to gain from Mr. May's vivid portraiture and contagious sympathy a quickened sense of Newman the man, his aims, his sufferings, his exhaustless efforts to make truth and the will of God prevail among men.

In recounting Newman's story, Mr. May not unnaturally reapportions the emphasis. Comparatively, he stresses his "campaign in Ireland" and his relations with Manning, and passes lightly over his Anglican friendships, the influence of his sermons and his duel with Gladstone over infallibility. Mr. May brings no new facts to light nor does he differ essentially from previously rendered judgments on Newman. But he has made Newman an appealing and vital figure, he has paid fine tribute to his mastery of the written word, and he has put before the reader either in Newman's eloquent words or in his own some of the utterances which were electric with significance to his own generation and are no less meaningful to ours.

Mr. May's talent lies rather in the concrete than in the abstract. Thus Chapter XXIV (The Prince of the Church) is a singularly beautiful one; Chapter XXVI (The Poet) is comparatively weak, although most students of Newman will probably admit that he was incomparably a greater poet in his prose than in his verse.

One point remains. Mr. May strangely confuses two entirely different works, the Lectures to Anglicans and the Sermons to Mixed Congregations. He insists that he is talking of the latter but every reference he makes to it applies—and applies only—to the former. This is the single serious blemish on an excellent study.

JOSEPH J. REILLY.

Tales of Gloucester

Gloucestermen, by James B. Connolly. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

TO SAY that this book is up to Connolly's standard ought to be sufficient; it should not be necessary to add that it is marvelous in its depiction of ships and the sea. Unfortunately enough attention has not been paid to the fact that Connolly is really a fine artist, not uncomparable, in his way, to Conrad who ranged the wide world for his stories, while Connolly has contented himself with a watery bit of geography that lies off the coast of Gloucester and Cape Cod.

In his present volume, Mr. Connolly has collected all of his stories of the Gloucester fishing fleet that were formerly scattered through seven volumes. In addition, he has added three stories never before published. And when the mercury is threatening to run out through the top of its calibrated glass tube this summer, it will be a wholesome relief for those who have to stay at home to take this book, retire to the coolest part of the veranda and enjoy, vicariously, the stinging gales which it so admirably describes.

With the hokum and bunk contained in so many alleged "sea stories," it is doubly welcome to get hold of a book written by a man who knows the sea and writes of it with a distinction that is above question.

CLIFF MAXWELL.

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Briefer Mention

The Italian Painters of the Renaissance, by Bernhard Berenson. New York: The Oxford University Press. $4.50.

BERENSON'S famous lectures on the painters of the Italian renaissance have aged since their first appearance, but it was a happy idea to reissue them. We see some of these things a little differently now. Historians have unearthed this, that and the other affiliation which draws the picture together more tightly than could have been the case twenty years ago. Nevertheless this book has the advantage of untiring and affectionate realism. It avoids reading things into the narrative which are not really there. In a sense, however much the Christian may regret the fact, Berenson's own lack of sensitiveness to religious values is to his advantage. He is never taken in by Viennese or Florentine sham piety. The renaissance was a naturalistic age, and even Raphael was a Greek. To each artist Berenson brings a definite Einfühlung, pertinent and hugely instructive.

The Red Hills, by Cornelius Weygandt. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. $4.00.

SO MANY American groups have become familiar to us in novel and story that the presentation of a type in a non-fiction book which is interesting and vivid, is refreshing. Without the aid of carefully delineated characters Professor Weygandt has made a whole people come alive. There is a description of a barn that itself has almost a personality. These respectable Dutch people, in their love of the land, give a much-needed stability to American life of today. Their love of beauty seems like a survival of the mediaeval, in that they make decorative even the commonest utensils. There is the sweet, clean smell of newly-plowed earth over the first half of the book; but the second half is rather tedious to anyone not vitally interested in the making of earthenware.

Fool's Pilgrimage, by Herbert J. Scheibl. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Company. $2.00.

THIS is a well-constructed novel, with a sound sense of values implicit in its unfolding. But it is often prosaic and its dialogue is often pompous. "I love you," runs a love letter. "Though the words themselves cannot reveal the intensity of the emotion which compels me to set them down thus flatly and without ornament, I ask you to accept my assurance that the hand which wrote them is not nearly so firm as the will to make you see that what my statement implies is not actually the impossible thing it may appear to be at first glance." Love is usually more staccato than this.

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